

November, 1939

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# The Liguorian



**The Sufferings of War**  
**C. D. McEnniry**



**The Years are Long (Story)**  
**D. F. Miller**



**A Pair of Fakers (Story)**  
**E. F. Miller**



**Everyday's Drama**  
**F. A. Brunner**

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## AMONGST OURSELVES

*November:* The month of the holy souls in Purgatory, who call on all who have a spark of human charity to lend them their aid, who call on their friends and loved ones, from whom they are parted for a little while, to continue to show that love does not die with bodily death. . . .

*November:* The month of the World War armistice, when men said: "The war to end all war is ended," and proceeded, by selfishness, by greed, by pagan principles in business, in politics, in private life, to create a world-wide depression and half a dozen new wars. No one seems to remember that the God who knows all things, past, present, and future, promised peace only from a stable where His Son was born. They have lost the road to the stable. . . .

*November:* The month of Thanksgiving Day (if they can decide on when to have it). For Catholics, every day is thanksgiving day, when they kneel around an altar at dawn and say: "What shall I render to the Lord for all that He has rendered unto me? I will take the chalice of salvation and will call upon the name of the Lord."

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### The Liguorian

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# THE LIGUORIAN



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### ALL HALLOWS

Watch ye the west on Hallowe'en,  
And somewhere near the evening star  
You'll spy a creaking thread of light,  
Betray a secret door ajar.

Listen closely just at dusk  
On Hallowe'en . . . perchance you'll hear  
The velvet chime of shifting bolts  
And stirring hinges strangely near.

For every year at Hallowe'en  
God's blissful folk come down;  
With footfall soft as censer-smoke  
They wander through the drowsy town. . . .

Our Lady rides the crescent moon  
With wheeling starlight crowned,  
Slow drawn by cherry-ankled doves  
With levin ravelled bridles bound.

She scatters grace like golden grain  
She showers mercies down like snow  
And all the hearts of Christendom  
Like welcome cottage windows glow.

Along the profile of the hills  
The shining folk of heaven climb  
With amber-shadowed lamp and link  
And softly sounding reed and chime.

They pause at every human door  
They pass unheard; they peer unseen.  
The gates of heaven creak ajar,  
The world is strange at Hallowe'en.

—J. Galvin.

# FATHER TIM CASEY

## THE SUFFERINGS OF WAR

C. D. McENNERY

**O**FATHER CASEY, I'm worried sick!"

"What's the matter now?" the priest asked solicitously; for he could see at a glance that the once light-hearted Delizia Hogan was really in a state of high nervous tension.

"This abominable war. It is a waking nightmare. Night and day I can think of nothing else."

"There is the illogical woman for you. Worrying herself to death about the effect, while she never bothered one moment about the cause."

"What do you mean, Father?"

"The war is a chastisement caused by sin. You are completely upset during the few weeks the poor blind world has been scourged by war, yet you were not in the least disturbed during the years of sin whereby it brought this scourge upon itself."

"Do you really believe, Father Casey," Richard Ranaghan asked, "that God sent the war to punish us for our sins?"

"God did not send the war. He didn't need to. The sins of men—their greed, their injustice, their pride, their hypocrisy, their lying, their ambition, their sensuality, their worship of self and forgetfulness of God—that brought the war. Since they thought they could get on without God, He left them to their own devices, and this is the unhappy result."

"How long do you think it will last, Father?"

"That no man can say. It is idle to speculate on the outcome. We are in the hands of God."

"Oh, I knew it! I knew it! Oh, how dreadful!" Delizia was frantic.

"You knew what?"

"I knew it was hopeless."

"I did not say it was hopeless, I merely —"

"You said we are in the hands of God. That means the same thing."

"Quite the contrary, my child. It means that the situation is not

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hopeless but hopeful. In what more secure haven did anybody ever seek refuge than in the hands of God?"

"The poor Pollocks, who were hit by German bombs, were in the hands of God—and see what became of them," Elmer Hookway observed cynically.

"What?"

"They were blown to bits."

"And so? What is the conclusion?"

"Why—they—they are dead."

"So too shall you and I, Elmer, and every son of Adam, be dead. The time and place and manner of our death matters nothing. The completeness with which we put ourselves in the hands of God matters everything. Death is atonement for sin. It is the inevitable lot of a sinful race. If we put ourselves unreservedly in God's hands, that is, if we humbly accept our death in union with the death of the Son of God, it will merit for us a glorious resurrection, and we shall forever thank our loving and merciful Creator for the happy death which introduced us into such ineffable and never-ending joy.—The very thing that brought on the war is what makes us dread it so much, namely, our sinful attachment to the worthless goods and comforts and pleasures of earth and our forgetfulness of the enduring goods of eternity. If the war forcibly tears from our grasp the trifles to which we have been blindly and stubbornly clinging, it will prove a blessing rather than a curse. For God knows how to draw good even out of the evils which men bring upon themselves."

WHEN he paused to observe what impression his exposition had made upon his hearers, Father Casey saw that Delizia Hogan had not heard one word of it. She had just kept on worrying about the war.

"O Father, whatever shall we do! And Gerald wants to join the aviation. You talk to him, Father. Don't let him go."

"Say, Delizia, didn't you recite your prayers at all this morning?"

"Yes, Father. Yes. I am praying all the time—and lighting candles and making novenas."

"What prayers did you say?"

"Why, I said the *Our Father* and—"

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"You said the *Our Father*. Did you understand what you were saying? And did you mean it?"

"Of course — that is, I guess so — Oh, I don't know!"

"Well, I know. You neither understood nor meant it. Your unreasoning panic proves that you did not. Let me tell you a story. Once upon a time a brave ship was caught in a sudden storm. The sails were torn to shreds. Spars snapped, timbers creaked, waves washed the deck. The despairing screams of the passengers could be heard above the howling of the ~~hurricane~~. But through it all, in the captain's cabin, his little son sat playing unconcernedly. When at last the sun came out to find the bark still afloat, somebody said to the boy: 'Say, son, weren't you afraid at all during that terrible storm?' He looked at the questioner in wonder. 'Afraid? No! Daddy was at the helm.'"

"Father Casey," Ranaghan reminded him, "you have to make the application for Delizia. She has completely forgotten what you started out to elucidate."

"You see," the priest explained, "the captain's son trusted in his father's love and his father's skill. And it chanced that his trust was justified. But it could have been deluded. The trust which you professed in your Heavenly Father's love and power — if you understood and meant what you said this morning — could never be deluded. You called God your Father — Our Father who art in heaven. And you did well. He is truly your Father, and you are His adopted child. You used the words of a trustful child: Father, don't let anything happen to me — Our Father, deliver us from evil. He is able to deliver you from evil, for He is the All-powerful God. He is willing to deliver you from evil, for He is your All-loving Father. He has promised to deliver you from evil, if only you ask with unquestioning faith and unfailing confidence. He has taught the very words in which you should formulate this petition. Yet you rattle them off without adverting either to what they mean or to what they promise. If you are paralyzed with fear, you have nobody to blame but yourself."

"**I** IMAGINE," interposed Hookway, "many a poor Polish child said its morning *Our Father* with all the attention you require, and before night it was splattered all over the landscape. Many a Polish mother said it too — and saw husband and children buried under

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the debris of her ruined home. It is putting a strain on our faith to expect us to have unfailing faith in deliverance from evil, with such facts before us."

"There you go again making the same stupid blunder that brought this chastisement upon us — looking upon the loss of the fleeting goods of this world as an unmitigated evil and forgetting that the only real evil is the loss of God. He, in His infinite wisdom, knows what is real evil, while you, in your blindness, do not. Leave all to His Providence. Do earnestly the work He gives you to do, at the same time putting yourself unreservedly in His hands, and you can make no mistake. That Polish child, up in heaven today, has a much clearer vision than you. It is praising the good God that He deigned to free it so early from the dangers of this world; by its prayers it is bringing down blessings upon its dear ones on earth."

"But the suffering of that mother!"

"Suffering is the lot of the children of fallen Adam — war or no war. Patiently borne, the suffering of this short life is the most lucrative investment ever made, for it brings reward a millionfold. It is often a special mark of God's mercy towards the sinner, giving him a chance to expiate his treason in this world rather than in the next. And suffering is measured, not so much by the greatness of the calamity as by the selfishness and cowardice with which it is endured. Despite her immense loss, that brave and believing Polish woman is less to be pitied than the pampered worldling, safe in her luxurious mansion, whining hopelessly over the death of a lap-dog."

"You know, Father Casey, after that explanation, the Lord's Prayer takes on a new meaning for me. I am going to try to say it better from now on," declared Richard Ranaghan.

"And so we can all remain quiet and tranquil during this storm, certain that no real evil will befall us with Daddy at the helm," suggested Gaby Flanders. "For He really does take a personal interest in every one of us at every moment of the day and night, doesn't He, Father?"

"He traces the flight of every sparrow in the park, the growth of every blade of grass on the prairie; how then can we doubt that He watches over every one of his children, created in His own image, redeemed by the Blood of His own Divine Son, destined to share His God-life in the bliss of heaven for all eternity!"

**F**ATHER, please. Tell us again those beautiful words of Our Lord in the Gospel."

"Therefore I say to you, be not solicitous. . . . Behold the birds of the air, for they neither sow nor do they reap nor gather into barns: and your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not you of much more value than they? Consider the lilies of the field how they grow: they labor not, neither do they spin. But I say to you that not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these. And if the grass of the field, which is today, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, God doth so clothe: how much more you, O ye of little faith! Be not solicitous therefore, saying, What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the heathens seek. For your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things. Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you. Be not solicitous for the morrow, for the morrow will take care of itself," quoted Father Casey.

### *The Vainer Sex*

It has frequently been said, and is no doubt thought by many, that vanity is a petty vice pretty much cornered by women, who have to spend so much time each day in moulding the appearance they shall present to the world. Now comes along a well known amateur photographer to say that the women are not in it with the men when it comes to vanity. He is Dr. Theron W. Kilmer who spoke recently at the annual convention of the Photographic Society of America in New York. This is what he said:

"People say women are vain. Don't you believe it. I never saw anything as vain as a man in a studio. I have known many men to take up a mirror, smile, strike the right pose, one that the wife would like.

"A portrait of a man must look like the fellow. Otherwise it's punk. If it's not like him, he'll say so. You must remember it has to take his place when he is away. His wife should be able to look at it and sigh, 'I wish John were here.'"

We offer that to the men to mull over. And to the women to gloat and rejoice.

## THE LEFT-HANDER

L. F. HYLAND

He has an Irish name, or a Catholic name, recognizable as such by a long line of prominent Catholics. But he is a Protestant minister; or the archimandrake of a society forbidden to Catholics; or just another pagan American who never goes to church, talks patronizingly of all religions (they are all right for the ignorant, don't you know), and takes his pleasure where he can find it, with or without benefit of support of conscience.

It is not fair to be too hard on the "left-handers" themselves. Many of them were never given a chance to learn anything about the religion of their fathers. Somebody foredoomed them to be brought up in an atmosphere of ignorance or error or prejudice that locked all the little doors in their mind that might have admitted the fair form of truth. They throw, write, eat, and work with their left hands because no one ever told them that they had a right.

But somebody is to blame, and most of the "somebodies" once refused to believe how much blame they would have to bear. There are a thousand ways of multiplying "left-handers." The process can be very simple. You marry a non-Catholic, who patently or covertly exercises a lot of mental resistance when signing the promises to bring up "all the children as Catholics." Sometimes all the Catholic partner has to do then is to die to learn in the other world that he fathered a new flock of "left-handers." Sometimes it requires less than that. You just get tired of arguing about things with the non-Catholic spouse and let things ride. Twenty years later you overhear a remark: "So-and-so is nothing—or a fervent Christian Scientist—or a Communist. They say he was baptized. The father (or mother) was a Catholic, but none of the children are."

Another way is to teach the children nothing about religion at home, and then, for sound social reasons of your own, to send them to non-Catholic schools. Even two Catholic parents can do a good job of turning out "left-handers" by this formula.

Of all sad words . . . the saddest are these: "Father or mother, grandfather or grandmother, was a Catholic. But the children—all left-handers." Who shall measure the sadness of those into whose judgment enters a reckoning for the lost faith of their progeny?

## THE YEARS ARE LONG

---

A story of love that runs so smoothly, that it almost runs out. You've heard the story before? Yes—and you'll hear it and see it too often again—not always with a happy ending.

---

D. F. MILLER

**S**UMMARY of character and events in the life of John Ferris, leading up to the happenings in this story:

John was born in the year 1910 of very good parents. His father was a worker in the railroad yards that seemed to stretch out endlessly in the valley not far from his home. His mother was a real mother—cheerful, hard working, a lover of home and all the interests of home, a woman capable of instilling the deepest and strongest affection and reverence in her children by the force of her character alone.

John was educated at home and in the parochial school. In both places he learned that the most important things in life are the service of God, fidelity to home ties, honesty and charity towards all his fellow men, and cheerfulness in suffering and self-denial. This almost looks as if John should have been a saint, but that's the story.

At twenty-two John began going with Margaret Powers, a girl as good as she was capable and beautiful. John liked her very much. She was comfortable and wholesome; she was secure in her virtue and goodness, and in protecting John's; she would make a wonderful wife and mother.

John had followed his father into the railroad business—but with his better education had acquired an office position. His income was steady and sure. He gave a part of it to his mother every week, even though that would not have been necessary because the family had always lived simply and John's father had stored away a tidy reserve. But John loved his home and his mother and father and his younger brothers and sisters and would have gladly laid down his life for them. That this was not asked of him seemed something of a shame to John. He seldom thought that perhaps something else was being asked of him. That is why he had been going with Margaret Powers, taking her for granted as a companion, etc., for almost seven

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years, and was contented to go on indefinitely in that manner. John was 29 and Margaret 28 when against the background of their simple lives, this story broke:

**I**NTO the office where Margaret Powers worked for a midwest Paper Co., one mild fall day came Frank Fowler, representing one of the largest paper mills in the Eastern section of the country. His arrival was an event for the executives of the firm. For two years they had been dickering with the eastern firm to secure a contract that would mean a great deal to their business, but had been unable to come to terms. The fact that a representative had now been sent had shot their hopes skyward, and they put forward their best efforts at courtesy and enthusiastic welcome.

It was not difficult to welcome a man like Frank Fowler. He was about thirty-five years of age; possessed the open-handed suavity and expansiveness of an experienced cosmopolite; could mingle as warmly with the underlings of the office force as with the high salaried executives. Before he even announced his identity, he was in the office entertaining the girls as if he had known them all his life. It was in such a scene that he announced himself to J. D. Eggert, the vice-president of the firm. The latter, when Fowler first appeared and stopped work entirely in the outer office, had heard the strange voice and the laughter and come out of his private sanctum looking severely over his glasses at the intruder. When Fowler's current sally was completed, he said to the girl nearest to him, who happened to be Margaret Powers:

"Is that the boss?"

She nodded.

Fowler strode across the room and thrust out a big hand and said: "I'm Fowler from Acme Paper Mills. Sent to talk business."

The severity dropped from Eggert's face as if it were a mask. He beamed and bowed.

"Oh, Mr. Fowler. Yes, yes. Come right in. Come right in. Delighted to see you."

When the business session was over the two men left Eggert's office together. In the outer office Fowler stopped and had a few more words with the girls,—light-hearted, gay, bantering words. They laughed, and this time Eggert laughed with them. Then Fowler bent over the desk of Margaret Powers and said quickly:

"How about dinner tonight and a show? I'll be lonesome and I don't know a soul in town."

Margaret began to stammer some sort of objection, when she caught Eggert's eyes behind Fowler working feverishly to indicate she should say yes. Before she could do so, Fowler continued:

"That's fine. We'll meet in the lobby of my hotel — the Ambassador. Six-thirty sharp. Be seeing you." Then he passed on and was gone.

**F**RANK FOWLER stayed in town one week, and by the end of that time the whole wide acquaintanceship of Margaret Powers knew that she had been swept off her feet by the stranger. There was a new light in her eyes, and when people saw it — those who had worked themselves up to the point of talking to her seriously about going slowly, bewareing of strangers, etc., — they found the words sticking in their throats. For within the week, with the strange power that rumors have to arise and spread, certain things became known. Frank Fowler was a play-boy. Someone with relatives in New York heard that he had had any number of affairs. Scandal had touched his name, but left his devil-may-care personality unchanged. Someone hinted he had been married and had a wife separated from him but living. Though everything that was said could not be true, there was enough of certainty to make it clear that one of the most popular girls in her set was caught in the meshes of an affair that boded nothing but misfortune.

They did not realize how deeply she was involved. The thing had carried her away like a whirlwind. Seven years she had gone with John Ferris, and at no time had their friendship been anything like this. Fowler's enthusiasm, his drive, his high spirits, his quickly made known intentions were the antithesis of the easy-going, stable, unprogressive friendship she had experienced with John. By the last day of his stay in town, Fowler was offering Margaret his hand and heart in marriage. When she hesitated, he insisted that at least she come to New York; promised that there he would get her a job with double her present salary; naively added that then she could think things over leisurely and make her decision. They parted at the train with warmth and affection, Margaret promising to let him know what she would do in a week.

THE beginning and progress of the affair between Margaret and Fowler had come to the ears of John Ferris. At first he scoffed at it as merely a business matter. But the persistence of the reports, which the interest of all who knew Margaret made quite detailed and unmistakable, finally made him realize what had happened. Realization stung him to the quick. With unconscious arrogance he had looked on Margaret as his possession: she belonged to him; some day, it lay in the back of his mind, they would be married; she loved him—everybody knew that—and this interloper had no business coming between them. When to the fact that Fowler was rushing Margaret came the disturbing rumors as to his character, John was ready for murder. It gleamed in his eyes and threatened in the clench of his fists as he strode up and down the living room at home, talking to his mother and father.

"She's crazy," he said. "She's lost her mind. Picking up with a—a rake that nobody knows any good about."

"John," said his mother, meekly, "don't say such things. Sit down. Be calm. It will all turn out right."

"Oh, that doesn't help," said John. "I'd like to wring that Fowler's neck. Coming in here with his line and his polish and his high pressure love-making—bowling a girl over before she knows what it's all about. I'll go to New York and—and—"

John's father interrupted. "Seems to me you're taking something for granted, son. You ain't married to Margaret, are you? You ain't never seemed in any rush even to promise to marry her at any particular time. That leaves her sort of free, as far as I can figure out."

"Free!" shouted John. "Why everybody has known for years that she and I were—were—"

"Friends, just friends, that's all. Never appeared to be anything more," said old John.

Young John had no answer to that. He sat down and put his hand over his eyes. Something of the meaning of those seven years of uncertainty for Margaret was passing through his mind.

"You won't get any place by talking big to this Fowler fellow," said old John. "Nor by beating him up. No girl's heart was ever changed by that sort of thing. Margaret's the only one that can save

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herself. You had a chance to save her before she knew this fellow—for seven years."

"I'll talk to Margaret," said young John, quietly. But there was not much hope in his words.

**I**T WAS the kind of thing that had to run its course. Before John Ferris had a chance to talk to Margaret, she had made up her mind. She was going to New York. The promise of a job, with double her present salary, was in itself an irresistible attraction. To that was added the potent allure of seeing New York; of getting away from her midwest monotony and routine and seeing all the glamorous things that she had been able only to read about before. Above all there was Frank Fowler with the spell he had woven still gripping her soul.

Before she left John succeeded in having one short agonizing talk with her. Failing in every other attempt, he finally cornered her during one noon hour while she was eating her lunch in a restaurant. He sat down across from her—and then found all the turbulent thoughts in his mind refusing to issue in words. Finally he said:

"So you're going."

"Yes, John. Next Friday."

"Are you satisfied that everything is all right? That you are making no mistake?"

"I'm not a child, John. You should know that I can take care of myself. I know what you are thinking—but you have known me long enough not to think that I would do anything—anything I would regret for the rest of my life."

John played with a spoon, doodling on the table cloth. His mind smarted under her repeated reminders of "how long he had known her." He found himself on the defensive, and could hardly bring himself to look at her.

"You've heard, I suppose," he said, "some of the things they've said about—about him."

"Yes, I've heard. And what they didn't say, he told me. I know everything. Its not quite as bad as our dear scandal-loving neighbors have made out."

"Margaret, don't go. Please don't go. I need you. We can get married any time you say."

She was silent a moment after that. Her voice almost broke, then,

as she said: "If only you had said that a year ago—three—four years ago. You know that I loved you. Dear God, perhaps I still do, I don't know. But it all seemed so hopeless. Drifting along, feeling life slipping between my fingers. . . . You don't know what it means. . . ."

"Now I do," said John, penitently. "Now I do. Don't go. Stay here and we'll make it all up."

Suddenly Margaret's determination stiffened. She rose to her feet. "It's too late, John. I'm going to New York. . . . Now I have to get back to the office."

She disappeared. The waiter came and asked John for his order. When she found him staring into space, with a look like that of a drunken man in his eyes, she hastily went away.

**I**N TWO weeks short of a day Margaret Powers came back from New York. She wore the same clothes in which she had left. She was taken back on the job she had given up. She met her friends as if nothing had happened—and none but her closest friends heard from her a word about New York. To her it was an incident—a past incident, that was all.

When John Ferris knew that she was back, he made elaborate preparations to carry out the resolve he had taken to the effect that everything was over between them. He went no place where he might run into her. He would walk blocks out of his way to avoid even the chance of meeting her on a street near her home. He spent few evenings at home for fear that she might call. But he also became morose, silent, difficult to live with even at home.

He might have known he was trying to do an impossible thing. What he would not admit, as the days went by, was that he did not want to do this impossible thing. But his pride was strong, and providence itself had to break it by what the world would call accident, but what was part of an eternal design.

He entered a street-car one day, when his automobile was being overhauled—the first time he had boarded a street-car in over a year. And there she was. She saw him, as he saw her, and so he sat down beside her. They rode along in silence, like strangers.

The conductor called out the name of the street near John's office. The car stopped; others got off. John remained seated. A mile

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farther was Margaret's stop. When the car reached it Margaret did not move.

As the car left the business section, it picked up speed. There were few stops, and it rolled through the residential section and beyond to the outskirts. Here houses were being built — some of them standing alone on large lots, with trees and shrubs and fields of long grass surrounding them. The two passengers still sat silent, not like strangers now, but like two people afraid of one another. Finally the conductor shouted:

"End of the line. All out."

As the car rolled to its final stop, John turned to Margaret and almost whispered:

"Let's get out and look at some of these new houses."

Margaret bowed her head. She wanted to conceal her tears, but one dropped into her lap.

"I wanted," she said haltingly, "to tell you about New York."

"No, don't," said John. "You had to trust me for seven years. Now let me trust you for two weeks." The pride was gone. He was asking a favor. She turned to him then and let him see her eyes magnified by tears.

The car had stopped. The conductor stood in the aisle waiting to turn back the seat.

"End of the line," he said, flatly. "We don't go no further."

John got up and, to the amazement of the man, shook hands with him warmly.

"Thanks," he said, "thanks a million." Then he and Margaret walked off arm in arm.

### Look Up

A young sailor was sent aloft to reef a sail. He made his way high up into the rigging, and then made the mistake of looking down. He grew dizzy and faint, and looked as if he were about to fall.

The mate saw his predicament and knew the danger. At the top of his voice he cried out: "For God's sake look up!" The young sailor heeded the advice and his fear vanished. He did his work and came down safely.

The same tactics might well be employed in spiritual danger. "Look up to God" in temptations and the danger will pass.

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## THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. HYLAND

We often wonder what kind of comforting words men and women who have no religion, no apparent knowledge of the things of God, can speak to their loved ones when they are seriously ill. With no appreciation of spiritual values, with no conception of another and better world than this, with no thought of the infinite kindness of the will of God, how can they be anything but mute, when they sit at the bedside of one whom they truly love, when they see the wasting limbs and the pallid features, when they know perhaps that there is no hope that the sick one will ever be able to be up and doing again?

What could one say? Would it be to mumble lying words of hope and promise—to say: "You'll be up again soon. You'll get better by and by. The doctors don't know what they're talking about. The X-rays lied. The diagnosis was false. Tomorrow you'll be better." Would it be to talk cruelly of death—of a pagan kind of death—in which there is only darkness—blankness—nothingness? Would it be, as in the case of strong love it so often is, to suggest faith-healers, Christian Science incantators, superstitious recourse to foolish health-restorers, and to spend hundreds of dollars on such worthless devices? What can one say, who knows nothing of God, to one who is desperately or lingeringly and hopelessly ill?

We know how one pagan American solves the problem. He knows he has nothing to say to one who is sick—more than that, he knows that he is frightened strangely in the presence of pain. So he stays away. He refuses to go near the shut-ins. Not even his closest friends nor members of his family ever see him when they are ill. And therein I think he shows more than anything the cowardice and futility of a pagan's life.

But all this, by contrast, must awaken comfort in the heart of the shut-in who believes in God. Every shut-in at some time or other is visited by men and women who have nothing to say; who look at them with great round staring eyes, who mumble half-hearted words of good cheer and hope; who fidget and squirm in the presence of sickness as though they were anxious to be far away. And the sight of such poor ignorant mortals must make the shut-in cry out in his heart: "O Lord, thanks, thanks, thanks for my belief in Thee. Thanks for the grace you have given me to say: 'Thy Will be done.' Thanks for the comfort I possess in the knowledge that this life is only a journey, only a preparation, only a preliminary to something better. O let these poor mumbling pagans know that the only comfort they can ever bring to the sick, the only comfort they will know when they themselves are stricken, is that of saying loudly, confidently, unstutteringly: 'God's Will is always best. God's will be done.'"

## A NEW DEAL IN STATUES

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A few suggestions that would elevate an already indispensable aid to religion into a veritable powerhouse of the spirit.

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E. F. MILLER

IT IS high time that we do something about statuary in our churches. While we are expending great efforts on better and bigger churches, on more beautiful and more liturgical altars, and on sweeter and better sounding organs, the statuary retain pretty much the same form and appearance that they had in the pioneer days when the village whittler fashioned out a human likeness with his rude instruments and called it a saint.

Poor saints! Were they to come back to earth and behold what has been done to them, they would hang their heads in shame and sorrow and cry out: "Is this the way I looked when I lived amongst the brethren?" And back to heaven they would fly to escape the fate that had come upon them.

We are not being iconoclasts when we demand a new deal in statuary. The iconoclasts were the folks of the early middle ages who did not want any statuary at all. In their belief that pedestalizing the likeness of a holy man or woman in the form of gold or marble or simply plaster of Paris constituted idolatry and therefore ought to be condemned like stealing or killing, they went about Christianity with hatchets and other lethal implements and destroyed every statue in sight. It was only the Pope who put an end to such nonsense by decreeing that the placing of statuary in public places and in churches was no more idolatry than the hanging up of a picture of a man's grandmother on the parlor wall. Nobody believed that the latter was wrong, so statue breaking ceased. It came back with the so-called reformation, but that was only one of its many illogical activities.

We do not want statuary done away with any more than we want the family album done away with, although we would not be sorry if some statuary were done away with and quickly at that. All we long for is a man with sufficient taste to distinguish between the good and the bad, and with courage enough to sweep out the bad and retain only

the good. All we want is a man who will be intelligent enough to realize that the church in her capacity as the mother of the arts is certainly not being served in the kind of art that is created in her name and which can be seen in almost all of our present day statuary. Ugh! How it hurts to look at some of it. And yet it cannot be escaped. To go to church means to have it right before you all the time.

**T**HE purpose of the statue is to keep before the eyes of the people the form and face of a holy person so that in beholding the form and face, the people may be led to the imitation of the saint's life. A second purpose is to recall to mind the intercessory power of the saint. In the press of daily affairs it is easy for a man to forget all about the saints' power with God. When he sees the statue of a saint suddenly rise before him, he is moved to cry out for help in the troubles and temptations of life. It is a safe statement to make that there would not be half as much praying to saints were it not for the statues of saints generously distributed in churches, and therefore they perform a great work insofar as they accomplish these ends. But they would perform a still greater work if more thought were given to their full significance and to the power that they could be made to possess.

Statue-making is an art belonging to the ancient art of sculpturing. The mere fact that statues are seldom carved out of pure marble with a chisel and hammer any more, but rather are made out of clay or plaster or some other like material, or are forged in foundaries, does not change the issue. The statue, no matter what it is made of or how it is made, is still supposed to fulfill the function of the art of sculpturing.

This function is to express the beautiful. How many statues set up in our churches in this country give the least expression to the beautiful? As one man said, he would not like to enter a certain church in the dusk of the evening for he would be frightened to death by the figures on the pedestals. The only end achieved by most of our modern statues is to remind the onlooker that here there is a representation of a holy person. Memory and imagination are supposed to do the rest by creating a true picture of the saint in all the beauty of his life. Nothing more results from the viewing of the statue than would result from the mentioning of the saint's name, or the reading of his life. In fact less results, for in looking at the statue a conviction is formed

in the mind to the effect that the saint must have indeed been a strange-looking individual in life.

WERE a strong effort made to express beauty in the making of statues, the statues in Catholic churches would be much more effective in achieving their purpose. There can be no beauty unless there be wrapped up in the idea presented the ideal, or a lifting of him who sees to higher and holier thoughts. All men have within them, lying dormant in many, aspirations for immortality, for perfection in accord with their nature and destiny, for God. Beauty is the reflection of these aspirations. Place a beautiful statue before a man, and immediately he will feel the surge of his finer emotions, immediately he will realize that here there is something expressed that he has been seeking and fighting for all his life.

What an opportunity for those who make statues, not of Caesars or gods and goddesses, but of saints! Not only can they create beauty by the witchery of their hands and the power of their imagination, but they have the perfect model on which to work—the life of a saint, the one who created in his own life such beauty as the world cannot understand. Certainly there must be artists who can catch the spirit of the saint's life, who can glimpse its beauty, and who can confine this beauty within the medium of his art. What an opportunity for priests who are interested in the sanctity of their people to give the people another means of approaching closer to God!

Thus our first suggestion is that we cast out all the custom-made statues that express nothing and that so often are blots on what otherwise would be beautiful churches. We have come to the point where all saints look alike. St. Patrick, St. Augustine, the Apostles—in fact all canonized bishops look like brothers. They are big strong men, with heavy beards, a crosier in their hand, and a mitre on their head. Ordinarily one is not led to the thought of immortality or eternity by looking at them. They seem pretty stern and remote, and quite removed from the earth which once they made fragrant by the holiness of their lives. Put these out, we say (into the sacristy or the vestibule), and bring in other statues that have really captured the spirit of the saints, that are distinctive and individual, and that will not be confused with a thousand others who have been admitted into the promised land. No two saints are perfectly alike; neither then should their statues be perfectly alike.

**B**UT we would even go a step further. Why must churches be filled with ancient saints, or saints who lived and died five hundred years ago? It is all right to have the patron saint in a place of honor even though he may have lived in the first ages. And we must have likenesses of Our Lord, Our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph. But why fill the church with so many ancient saints who have little in common with our ways of living? While all good Catholics admire the ancient saints, it is sometimes difficult to become enthused over them, for they passed their lives in such different circumstances than do people of today that a comparison can hardly be made. If only there were a few figures set up on pedestals who had felt in their lives the poisonous humors that rise out of a depression and kept their spiritual health notwithstanding: who were encircled by the vicious propaganda of birth prevention and closed their ears to it; who had to work day after day in sweat shops for a mere pittance and yet retained their faith in all its fulness — there would be something to look up to and force the timid and the weak to say: "If others did it, so also can we."

And why must the saints always be dressed in flowing gowns like dresses, and have hair sweeping down over their shoulders as though saints ceased once barbers set up their shops? It brings us back to the same old problem. They wear flowing gowns and long hair because all people wore flowing gowns and long hair when and where they lived. And it brings us back to the same old solution. Let us have more modern saints who have felt our burdens and our heat. Let us have the young lady saint dressed up in her wedding gown, veil and all, and as pretty as young brides usually are. Let us have the working man saint wearing his overalls, but clean-shaven and his hair nicely trimmed. Let us have the business man saint decked out in his tailor-made or store suit, but definitely a modern business man.

While we hold no brief for modern clothes, particularly the modern clothes worn by men, it would be a great help in the setting up of models for modern people if they could see *their very own* who look like their own, up on the altar when they came to church to worship. Ugly though they may be so arrayed, they cannot be more ugly than the statues of some of the saints arrayed in the ancient way.

**T**HINK what it would mean to the girl kneeling before the altar to promise her marriage vows to see another girl like herself,

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dressed as she herself is dressed, before her on that altar. Think what it would mean to the working man who perhaps is on the verge of jumping into something foolish like Communism, to see a picture of himself on a pedestal in the sanctuary — a man who suffered as much as he did and yet who won out in the end. Think what it would mean to the business man who is not paying a living wage and who is cheating at every turn, to see someone like himself a saint, who succeeded in carrying on his business and who scaled the heights besides. It would be an inspiration for all of them to carry on in the spirit of those who lived for Christ and who died in Christ.

We do not think that we are being extravagant in making suggestions like these. Shakespeare is done in modern dress and is being accepted and applauded. While we might follow that example, we do not have to. We have our heroes and our heroines already on the stage.

Perhaps some will say, "But there are no modern saints." It is true, there are not many. But there are enough to go around. And who knows what will happen tomorrow? Perhaps when all this persecution business is over, there will be so many that we shall not have place for them all.

Meanwhile let us make use of what we have, and give the parish a new deal in statues.

### Bad News for the Bald

Msgr. Matthew Smith of the *Register* passes on this authentic answer of a medical magazine to the question: "What causes baldness? I have been losing hair for several years, although there is no baldness in the family."

"If I knew," writes the medical authority, "what causes baldness, I'd be a millionaire — and you'd stop losing your hair. . . . There is no doubt that certain cases are caused by constitutional disease, especially in fevers, and that others are caused by malnourishment, general debility, poor circulation, worry, overwork, loss of sleep, and a thousand other similar conditions. We know this because when we correct such troubles the hair comes back — sometimes. But . . . no basic cause for baldness has ever been discovered. There's only one thing for you to do. Consult your doctor and have a check-up made on your general health. As soon as he pronounces you in perfect shape, your hair will either stop falling out or it won't, and nobody will ever be able to do anything more about it."

## Three Minute Instruction

### ON MIRACLES

The essential proof of the Incarnation of the Son of God and the truth of the whole Christian religion is the fact of miracles. By working miracles God proved that He Himself had come into the world, that He was founding the Christian religion as the only means of salvation for men. Opponents of religion realize that if miracles have really been wrought by God, then there is no denying the truth of the Catholic Church. Therefore they deny miracles; without examining their evidence, without admitting even their possibility, they say "miracles are impossible." Reasonable men on the contrary accept these three statements:

1. God can work miracles to show Himself and prove the truth of His words to men. To say that God cannot work a miracle is to say that He is not God. He created the world by a decree of His free will; He made the laws by which the world is ordinarily governed; He could destroy the world by an act of His will. If He cannot set aside, on occasion, the working of some ordinary law and thus cause a miracle, it means that He is subject to the world He made—it means that the world and its creatures have become greater than God. Such a thought is utterly repugnant to reason.
2. God must work miracles if He would have men believe that He has come to them or is speaking to them. Miracles, in some form or other, are the only certain credentials by which God can make Himself known to men. God treats all men as rational creatures; therefore He cannot ask them to believe anything until He makes certain to their reason that they will make no mistake in believing. If He spoke to them without first showing by miracles that He was God, there would always be some doubt in their mind as to whether it was really God who spoke to them. In other words, if God wants me to believe that He became man and founded the Catholic Church, I have a right to ask first for unmistakable evidence of His omnipotent power.
3. God does work miracles to prove His coming to men and His presence in the Catholic Church. The miracles of Scripture have been attacked by hundreds of scoffing men, but no scientist has ever been able to refute the evidence for them. Miracles have been wrought in every century in the history of the Church through the Blessed Mother and the saints, and the evidence is so overwhelming that men who still doubt show that they are not letting reason and science prevail.

That it is prejudice and not reason that make men deny miracles is clear from the dishonesty of the French scoffer, Emile Zola. He went to Lourdes saying that if he saw a real miracle he would publish it to the world. He saw a miracle, and instead of keeping his promise, wrote a book falsifying the facts. Catholics do not have to lie about miracles, they accept the testimony of senses and reason, and thus save their reason and their souls.

## DEVELOPING YOUR CHARACTER (II)

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The second in a series of simple meditations on a simple definition of character. Elementary, you might say, for genuine Christians, but how many of us have the character of genuine Christians?

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D. F. MILLER

IT IS often said that a man of principle is a man of character, but because there are good and bad principles that men may follow, the statement must be qualified. Some business men are men of principle — but their principles are "get ahead at any cost" and "whatever I can get away with is good" and "business is business and morality has nothing to do with it." It is not for failing to follow their principles that these men are weak and bad, but because they have adopted false principles as the rule of their lives.

Therefore it has been said that character is life dominated by true principles, by the universal truths that are the foundation of all that is good. When these truths, simply expressed, become convictions so strong that they can neither be forgotten nor disregarded in the affairs of daily life, a man shows himself to his neighbors as having the only kind of strength of character worth admiring and imitating.

The first of these necessary and universal principles has been worded thus: "God is the end and object of my entire being." When this truth becomes a conviction, a man is always conscious that the first responsibility of his life, his plans, his actions, his thoughts, his words, is to God, and that on his carrying out of that responsibility rests his eternal destiny. The stronger this principle becomes, the less a man has need of supporting arguments for practicing virtue and doing good and avoiding evil. With children, it is necessary to support principle with threats of immediate punishment for evil. With weak and immature characters it is needful to talk about the bodily effects of evil, the social consequences of immoral conduct, the various natural penalties that a man renders himself liable to by disregarding the laws of God, before they can be induced to act uniformly in pursuit of what is good. But a man who knows and remembers that he is created for God, that he is responsible to God, that his every thought and deed will be judged by God, for his happiness or pain, needs little more motivation than that.

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The conviction makes him strong and consistent in action apart from every other consideration that might be raised.

**T**HE second principle that must be deeply rooted in the soul of all who would be strong in character should concern the world. By the world is here meant the whole scene in which the life of man is cast: the earth on which he lives with its treasures and rewards, its opportunities and possibilities for joy, its excitement and glamor. Any-one who has not a principle covering his exact relationship to the world around him will always be weak in character. The world will make a plaything out of him. It will bleed him and flay him and let him die.

It is not difficult to find, in the words of the wisest teachers of mankind, expressions of true principle in regard to the world. Christ worded it thus: "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul?" St. Paul said: "We have here no lasting city, we seek that which is to come." St. Aloysius used to express the same theme when in the various circumstances of life he would say: "What is this in the light of eternity?" Thousands of men have adopted one or the other of these maxims as their own principle in life, and found it a means of strength and courage sufficient to make them saints.

Hence we can combine all the expressions of true principle in regard to the world in the simple but truth-laden form:

*"The world is a road of pilgrimage; we are only travelers marching along it towards our everlasting home."*

The objective truth of this statement will probably be admitted by nine out of ten who hear it; yet the exact cause of the weakness of many who might thus admit it is to be found in the fact that the principle has not become a conviction — it exercises very little influence in the actual conduct of their lives. That goes even for Catholic men and women, who though dedicated by their profession of faith to the task of striving for a happy home in heaven, have never learned to look upon the world around them as only a temporary, passing scene.

Hundreds of examples could be given to demonstrate how much weakness of character there is in the world today, because people have no strong convictions with regard to the true meaning of the world.

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On the contrary, many have utterly false and ruinous principles about the world. A young woman convinces herself that the world can give her happiness if only she can fall in love and get married — that without that there is hardly any use of living at all. So strong is this conviction that she lets it supplant principles that are far more important: she gives up her faith or endangers it to marry some one whom she should not marry, thinking that this will be the end of all her troubles. But it is not the end. She counted on too much from the world. She forgot that the world is only a pathway between one door which is birth and another which is death, and that beyond that second door is the only real happiness and the only true home worth having. Sooner or later she finds out what a fool she has made of herself — that her principle brought her nothing but multiple sorrow and no lasting joy. The father of a family worries himself sick about the future: whether he will be able to provide for his children; whether he will ever have a home like that of some of the better-off persons around him; whether he will have peace and security in his old age. Unconsciously he is looking for something no one ever finds, viz., a state wherein there are no problems and no worries on earth. This misconception of what he can expect to find on earth leads him to all manner of folly: rejecting the certainties of God's law; seeking unlawful compensation for his hardships; even trying to build for the future on the foundation of deceit and injustice. He never finds exactly what he wants; he only becomes more restless, more rebellious, more unsteady with the years.

**T**HE fate of such as these can be avoided only by the strength of character that springs from a true conviction about the world. If one starts out early in life with a well meditated grasp of the truth that he is on a journey; that God may end the journey at any point He pleases; that the circumstances of the trip are not nearly so important as the place where it shall end as seen in a momentary comparison with the treasures and joys that come after the journey through life is completed — he will be so far beyond his fellows in strength of character and in power of achievement that they will look up to him as to a king. And this holds even though he happen to occupy a lowly place in the world; even though he does not happen to be a genius, or a captain of industry, or an administrator of great affairs. For strength of character born of a true conception of the nature of the world sets a

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man above the world, and above those whose ambitions are as ephemeral as the world.

In practical terms, it works out in this wise: Other-worldiness, a one-word designation of the quality that springs from recognizing the world for what it is, removes all pettiness and smallness from the soul of man. The petty or small man counts his pennies like a miser, to the end that he may be rich some day. The petty man fights for his honor, resents every half-considered slight that is cast upon him, is forever scratching like a sputtering cat at unseen enemies. The small man is usually a proud man; he is proud of his position, proud of his home, proud of his future — proud as Satan, indeed, because not even God can say to him "Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not" in a matter that concerns the puny little world he has built around himself. He is small because he is wrapped up in things that are small; because he fights for things that are as valueless as the dust by the side of a road.

The other-worldly man has that glorious quality of strength of character called "magnanimity" — which means greatness of soul, greatness of outlook, greatness of endeavor. He has put the world in its proper place, and has bigger views beyond it to energize his soul. This does not mean that he necessarily becomes like a hermit, who withdraws entirely from the world. Putting the world in its proper place means using the world for what is good in it — but never letting it blot out the vision of still greater things. Such a man loves his work, and his home, and his friends, and enjoys them in every innocent way. Such a man works for his future and his children, but not in that dogged, furious, precipitate way that marks out those who count the world's treasures as the only ones worth seeking. To him, everything in the world is a means and not an end; if it can help him on his journey, if it can make the end more secure, if it can lighten his fatigue without slowing his progress, he accepts it with gratitude; if it be ever a danger to his progress, he lets it alone. Certainly nothing could be more adapted to rendering a man efficient, influential, at peace, than such a principle.

**Y**ET it is not an easy principle to establish solidly in the soul. Many begin life with it, but lose it somewhere along the way. Some allow it to be completely destroyed by one great temptation — which offers a reward that seems to blot out all that awaits them at the end of life's

road. Usually this means that they had not really established the principle very firmly or very deeply; for once it is firmly established it takes more than the world has got to tear it out by the roots.

Because the visible world is forever about a man, because it is always scheming to make him think that it has everything he need desire, it is necessary to take earnest measures to form the conviction that the world is only the passing scene of a journey. One measure invariably recommended in this connexion is fairly frequent meditation on the thought of death. If there is anything that shows up the world for what it really is, it is death. Death has no respect for promising careers; no sympathy with great human plans for achievement or pleasure; it has nothing good to say for the false promises the world is always holding out to its slaves. Death, if we follow it around and watch it strike apparently at random here and there, never finds anybody ready to die who has lived for the world. No matter how old they are, no matter how worn with the years, there is always something they still want in life, something they have been waiting for, something of which death has come to cheat them. That is why, to the man who thinks, the thought of death is a wise teacher; it mocks every principle of the worlding; it cries aloud that there is only folly in not looking beyond death for life's reason and life's goal. When a man has come to accept that message out of the thought of death, strength of character has begun to be gained.

With the thought of death and what lies beyond, must go the exercise of positive detachment from the world. The conviction that the world is not worth clinging to nor planning for should lead a man to practice rejecting its good things in order to be able to renounce its bad. This is the philosophy underlying all practices of self-denial; they constitute exercises that are the equivalent of the athlete's training for a contest of skill. For a man of character does not despise the world; he knows it wields a powerful influence and captivates innumerable souls; he fortifies himself against it by overcoming its allure before it presents an object the acceptance of which would mean the forfeiture of what he is planning for in another world. Self-denial and self-discipline are both the cause and the result of the principle of other-worldliness in the soul of a man.

**H**E WHOSE life is dominated by the two principles thus far laid down, that God is the end and object of his being, that the world is only his temporary abode, has a firm foundation of character on which every other needed principle can be easily erected. On this foundation he can place the true principle governing his conduct towards his neighbor, as shall be seen.

### Does It Pay to Advertise?

Advertisers who pay millions of dollars per year to make the public conscious of the incalculable superiority of their particular products must writhe in anguish when they learn how incapable are the general run of people to identify commodities by the slogans created to popularize them. Some time ago the *New Yorker* reported that sixteen members of a large advertising firm, who should have been "advertisement conscious" if anybody should, were given a list of fifty slogans, all well known, and asked to identify them. The average mark made by the group was 59 per cent; the highest in the class got a miserable 76 per cent correct. Only these nine slogans were correctly guessed by all the contestants:

"Ask the Man Who Owns One."  
"The Candy Mint with the Hole."  
"Chases Dirt."  
"Eventually, Why Not Now?"  
"Hasn't Scratched Yet."  
"It's Toasted."  
"No Metal Can Touch You."  
"His Master's Voice."  
"Good to the Last Drop."

How many ordinary readers can rate 100 per cent on those nine?

### INDICTMENT

Industrial civilization has destroyed the natural modes of life. For these ancestral habits, its greed, and its fancy have substituted new ends without consideration of our real needs. . . . Man degenerates in this artificial environment. Moreover he does not possess enough intelligence and courage to manage the world that he himself has blindly created. The solution for our present crisis is to acquire a complete knowledge of our body and our soul, and of their indispensable requirements. And to remake our environment not according to our desires but to the laws of our nature. Only in this way can institutions be made to fit man.—*Alexis Carrel*.

## EVERYDAY'S DRAMA

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The drama of the Mass is the only drama in the world that is not merely a spectacle. In this the spectator is one of the players, performing the most beautiful and important part in his life or the life of the world.

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F. A. BRUNNER

**B**RILLIANT figures of speech, if they are to render reality intelligible, must rest solidly on a groundwork of simple truth. So it must be when we say the Mass is a drama. Not a drama in any ordinary sense of the word. Not an ordinary drama. The Mass is a swift, colorful drama in which priest and congregation, in company with the author-player, our Lord Jesus, enact before the audience of heaven the stupendous mystery of Calvary.

If we liken the Mass to a drama — and the apparent likenesses have, no doubt, been too often overdrawn — we could say that the Mass consists of a prologue, two acts, and an epilogue.

In the prologue, recited with emotion at the foot of the altar, the priest declares the purpose of the whole Mass:

"I shall go in to the altar of God,  
To the God who was the joy of my youth.  
That I may praise thee with the harp,  
O God, my God!"

He then confesses his unworthiness to take part in so majestic an action and begs the indulgence of the audience and God the Father in heaven.

**T**HE first act has two scenes. The first scene is like the wondrous dream of Jacob when in his sleep he saw angels climbing up a ladder carrying our prayers aloft to the throne of the almighty. They are like fringes of incense lifted into the clouds, these prayers of desire (the *Kyrie*), of praise (the *Gloria*), of thanksgiving and petition (the "collects"). The second scene reverses the process; angels are descending into the lowly world, bringing the word of God. The angels are assisted in their task by the prophets and apostles who speak to us

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in the "Epistles," by God's only Son who teaches us in the "Gospel," and by our Mother the Church who, through her priest, instructs us in homily and sermon. The second scene closes in a massed chorus, when the whole stage resounds with a clarion confession of faith, the Creed: "I believe in one God."

The second act carries us to the very climax of the performance. It is divided into three scenes, each more glorious, more fascinating than the one that went before. The first scene opens with a procession. Across the stage march the members of the congregation, like the three Magi to the crib, bringing gifts of bread and wine to be offered to the heavenly Father.

**T**HE second scene is climactic. It is called, in the language of the church, the Eucharistic prayer or the canon of the Mass. In the center of the stage is the altar—an altar of sacrifice like that which Abraham built when he was told to offer up his son Isaac to God, an altar like Noah built when, in thanksgiving for his miraculous rescue, he sacrificed a lamb to God. On this altar is sacrificed the Lamb of God, immolated by his own will. This is the mystery of faith and love. This is the play.

The mystical slaying of the victim marks the height of the drama, but the action is sustained to include the offering of all the players who stand around that altar, all desirous of giving God honor and glory through and with and in the victim whose death so pleased the eternal Father that, in consequence, the heavenly treasure-house was filled with graces.

**F**OR the third scene the stage is set with a supper table. The action is commemorative of that action of our Lord when, on the night before he suffered, he took bread into his venerable hands and, after consecrating it into his own body, he bade his disciples take and eat it, and similarly the chalice of his blood he bade them drink. This scene therefore centers upon the supper in which all the players partake of the Lamb that was slain.

The drama of the Mass concludes with an epilogue, a beautiful lyric abridgement and summary of the entire action: "We saw his glory, the glory as it were of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." The curtain rings down with these words of mystic

joy, struggling, like the light from a candle, to pierce the gloomy distances to heaven. No wonder that sublime song is ended by a grateful "Thanks be to God!" for once again the Lord of might has manifested His glory to a wondering world.

### Prohibition

In India, says the *Bengalese*, there are several principal prohibitions imposed on men of the higher castes. It is a shameful thing for him:

- To walk with his wife in the street.
- To eat with his wife in the home.
- To shave himself.
- To eat in the presence of a European.
- To touch a person of a lower caste.
- To permit a low-caste person to enter his house.
- To permit his wife to sit while he is standing.

Those who fail against these prohibitions can find relief and reinstatement in the good will of their gods only by ceremonial washings and purifications. There are other more serious prohibitions, such as marrying outside one's caste or eating with a person of lower caste. To do these things is so horrible a crime that exceptional purifications and offerings and prayers are needed before a man can be readmitted to the pleasure of the gods.

As to the lowest caste of Hindus, it is a wonder how they live. They are never allowed to approach a well and draw water, because that would pollute the well for the whole village. When thirsty, he must stand by a well and beg someone to give him a drink. Yet no one may touch him in so doing, and so many pass him by. If one does take compassion on him, he must pour the water from a cup into the hands of the pariah, who gets what refreshment he can from such a mode of drinking.

### Theatrical Clocks

In medieval times the striking of the great Cathedral clocks was often a little show. In the Cathedral of Lunden there is one, for instance, that presents the following spectacle. When the hour strikes, two horsemen come forth and stand guard ready for encounter. Then a door opens, revealing the Virgin Mary on a throne with Christ in her arms, and the magi, followed by their retinues, advance and present their gifts to the divine Child. Two trumpeters announce their approach. The clock also shows the month, the day of the month, and every festival of the year.

## QUESTION OF THE MONTH

*Why is it that apparently intelligent and scientific men, who certainly have every opportunity of reading and understanding the claims of the Catholic Church to be divine, nevertheless remain outside the Church and are even bitterly opposed to it?*

Despite the fact that a complete answer to this question would require far deeper probing into the motivation of individual human minds than is possible for mortal men, there are many things that can be said to show how little force the fact has as an argument against the Church.

First of all, for every prominent intelligent figure who remains outside the Church, there are dozens of equally prominent, and just as intelligent men and women who on their first contact with the claims of the Church immediately enter her shelter. We think of great writers in England, perhaps, who are not Catholic; do we know that England has averaged over 10,000 conversions a year these past many years, many of them prominent men and women, hundreds of them ministers in Protestant sects?

Secondly, we sometimes assume too freely that men such as described in our question, have actually considered and weighed all the claims of the Church. As a matter of fact, many of them, for all their scientific reputations, for all their apparent ability to talk on any subject, have never permitted themselves to digest a single thorough treatise on the claims of the Catholic Church. They have decided, once and for all, before any examination, that religion is superstition, that the Catholic Church is a fake, and that decision does not permit them to examine religion or the Church in a rational way. Hundreds of examples could be given. David Hume, one of the renowned philosophers of the 18th century, an inveterate enemy of all religion and Christianity in particular, admitted toward the end of his life that he had never read the New Testament of the Bible. It is said that in England, after Gilbert Chesterton became a Catholic, he was at once dropped out of the literary world as though his works were not worth a glance, though before he became a Catholic he was read by everybody.

Thirdly, even when men have studied the claims of the Catholic Church, yes, even if they understand them fully and perceive their unanswerable logic, there are two obstacles that can prevent acceptance. One is pride, and pride is especially strong in men who have acquired a world-wide reputation as spokesmen of unbelief. The other is sin—unwillingness to give up the easy going morality or lack of morality that irreligion supports. In simple language, it might be put like this, as it has been put by certain men: "I admit that the Catholic Church is the true church; but if I accepted it, I would have to give up my third wife because the first and second are still alive; or I would have to give up having a fourth wife when I feel inclined to put away the third."

## A PAIR OF FAKERS

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**A story of deceitfulness and hypocrisy—of a kind that you will find it difficult to condemn.**

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**E. F. MILLER**

**T**O LOOK at Kathleen Kieron that day as she walked along the humid, heavy streets of downtown Chicago you would never think that she belonged to that class of good and worthy girls (whose name is legion) who seldom get an honest "break" in life. She was far prettier in the possession of a fragile, tender loveliness than most girls, and dressed in better taste, though what she wore was selected out of bargain basements and cut-rate department stores. She bore the stamp of character and had the bearing of a queen.

To look at her you would rather think that she got all the "breaks," as is only proper and fitting for good and beautiful girls. But quite the opposite was true. There she was on that hot and sticky day, tramping the streets looking for a job. She needed a job badly, for she was actually down to her last dime, had no relatives to appeal to, and could not bring herself to go to her friends. It was either find a job, or starve.

The heat poured down mercilessly bringing out beads of perspiration on her forehead and curling her curly hair into even more pronounced ringlets than it had before. Her feet burned as though they had been pounded with heated irons. Her head ached frightfully. Everything around her dripped and drooped and gasped for breath.

She looked at her list of offices to be visited, which list she had cut out of an early afternoon paper. All the names were crossed off but one. It would be her last try for the day. She approached the desk labeled Information.

"Could I see Mr. Goldberg?" she asked.

"Sorry," answered Information cheerfully. "Mr. Goldberg is busy. Could I be of assistance to you?"

"Perhaps you can. I'm looking for a job — any kind of secretarial work. I haven't much experience, but I graduated from the State university and from a business school in the city."

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"Let me see," pondered Information. He paged through some files, studied various ledgers, then turned to her. "Right now we haven't a single opening; it may be that in a few weeks or a month something will turn up. Take with you this questionnaire and fill it out. We'll keep your name in mind and let you know as soon as something satisfactory appears." Kathleen took the official looking document and stuffed it into her purse where there were already three or four others just like it. Wearily she left the office (not unnoticed by clerks and stenographers, and given a second glance) and trudged to her home, which consisted of one room in a second rate boarding house near the very heart of the city.

She bathed her face and took off her shoes to cool her burning feet. There was no thought of supper as there had been no thought of dinner, so she lay down to rest. She must have fallen asleep for suddenly she found herself sitting on the side of the bed in a veritable pool of perspiration. Not only the room, but the very air seemed on fire, and she felt that she would die if she did not escape from the furnace that inclosed her. Having bathed her face again and combed her hair, she went down into the street. Perhaps by spending an hour looking in store windows or sitting on a park bench near the lake she could forget the torture of the evening.

As she walked along the street she came upon a crowd so thick that she could hardly make her way amidst it. Street cars, automobiles, and busses were disgorging people by the hundreds who in turn joined the ranks of other hundreds on the sidewalks, all of whom were directing their steps towards a fortress-like, steepled church, and disappearing within. For awhile she watched, her loneliness accentuated by the very presence of so many men and women all around her, not one of whom she knew and not one to whom she might even dare to speak a word. And then all of a sudden, swept up like a leaf in a storm, she felt herself impelled interiorly and exteriorly to move on with the crowd; and almost before she realized it, for the first time in her life she was within the towering walls of a Catholic Church.

**O**N CHICAGO'S near westside there sat, quite alone, in a corner of a well appointed and air-conditioned apartment, a young man of bright red hair and smiling face. His name was John Taylor, and he should have been happy. The rooms were filled almost to over-

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flowing with young men and young women who had come up to his quarters to escape the heat of the city and to enjoy a cocktail at his expense. They were full of hilarity and fun; but John Taylor was not enjoying their company. Their talk was only foam and froth, filled with sophisticated "wisecracks," innuendo and doubtful jokes, and charged with disrespect for everything serious, sacred, and refined. They were the products of an age and education that fed on selfishness and pride, boys and girls who offered the fruits of their training even to their friends.

But John Taylor should not have minded. He had everything in life that his heart desired—money, social position, health. Or almost everything. There were some things he wanted that he could not even describe or name, indefinable things that a few others had whom he had met, but which always succeeded in just eluding his grasp. He knew that all the money his mother and father left him when they crashed to their death in an airplane accident the year before could not buy these things. He knew that his friends could not furnish them. He did not even know where to find them. But once he had them, he felt that a certain peace and contentment would follow, and then he could set about accomplishing the work which he as a man of wealth was undoubtedly destined to do. He arose from his chair in the corner.

"Sorry, folks," he shouted into the din. "I have to leave you for a time. Be back shortly."

"S'll right, Johnie," said a pimply, pampered-faced young man called Pete. "S'll right. Run along, my boy."

"Don't need you anyway," echoed a young lady called Effie. "Can have fun without you." No one else heard him or noticed his departure. The highballs and cocktails were having their effect.

He descended to the foyer and called for his car. When it came he dismissed the driver, and moved behind the wheel himself. For an hour he drove through the streets, past the theatres, the stores, the homes, with no time limit set or destination to be reached. Everywhere there were people trying without success to find relief from the heat; everywhere the yards and streets were crowded. But nowhere were there more people than on the corner of the street that he had to traverse in order to return home. And these people were not trying to escape the heat. He inched his car through the traffic, taking note as

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he moved along. There were tattered tramps walking side by side with tailored millionaires. There were the unfed, haggard and thin, and the well fed, heavy and well preserved. There was every class of society present as though there were but one class, mingling together, talking together, and all moving towards one common objective — a great stone church that stood on the corner which already seemed packed to the doors.

This seemed interesting. What could it be? He would park his car and investigate the reason of it all. He saw a traffic policeman nearby who should know the answer. He put the car in a lot across the street and made for the officer. But he never reached him. Impelled interiorly and exteriorly by some strange force, he felt himself carried on by the crowd. Almost before he knew it, for the first time in his life he was passing through the portals of a Catholic church.

**W**HAT business Kathleen Kieron had in the place she found herself, she herself could not have explained. But the fact was patent — there she was, packed in a pew like a bullet in a gun and almost deprived of the power to breathe by the mass of humanity about her. As soon as she could decently do so, she began to look around at her mysterious surroundings. The altar far ahead was ablaze with candles. The organ far behind was sending forth soft and soothing melodies that seemed to lose themselves in the vast Gothic arches overhead. A forest of pillars rose heavenwards on both sides of the church, and the walls held pictures the most beautiful she had ever seen.

It was the right setting for a prayer to God, for this place indeed seemed to be her Father's house. Could not He help her in her poverty and her loneliness? And so, though she knew little about prayer, she began in her own words, simply, like a child. Her eyes were closed, her lips did not move. It was a cry that came direct from the heart, impassioned, confident. "God, are you listening? I'm a poor girl down here on earth, all alone, and I need help, quick help, or I don't know what I'll do. You see, I can't find a job because we're in a depression and all the jobs are taken. But there must be at least one left somewhere in this big city. You'll find it for me, won't you? And dear God — You're still listening, aren't You? — I'm hungry. Amen." Strangely she felt a tear slip down her cheek.

When she opened her eyes, she noticed that there was seated next

to her a young man with flaming red hair the color of fire, with broad shoulders, and with a clear, open face that bespoke strength and manliness. He was staring at her intently, his face not six inches from her own because of the many people in the pew.

"Is something the matter?" he whispered.

"Nothing, nothing at all," answered Kathleen, smiling. But as she turned to him to thank him for his interest, his head began to grow smaller, then larger; to recede far away, then to approach so close she could touch it; finally it became lost entirely in a blur of heads and lights and swirling pillars, and a gentle darkness fell upon her. She slid slowly to the floor without a sound.

**T**HE church was still and empty when she awoke. But she was no longer in the church proper. They had carried her to the vestibule where she lay on the stone floor of the baptistry with a man's coat under her head for a pillow. Half a dozen people were hovering near, one holding a glass to her lips, another bathing her forehead with cold water. But the one whom she noticed before all the others was the young man of the red hair who was kneeling solicitously at her side holding her hand in his own. It was comfortable to lie there on the cool floor, to rest, to sleep — that's all she wanted — to rest, to sleep. She drew a deep breath and once more closed her eyes.

"Say," she heard the young man say to the others. "This thing is lasting entirely too long. Perhaps we'd better get an ambulance — and a priest. There may be something seriously wrong."

"No, no," cried Kathleen, sitting up. "I'm all right. It was just the heat and the crowd and the . . ." — she almost blurted out the word that would have told the story of her poverty and hunger — "and the heat," she finished lamely. "I feel fine, really I do. And I thank you all for being so good to me." She arose unsteadily to her feet; the young man, taking her arm under his own, helped her to feel a few steps like a child just learning to walk. Then together they left the church and entered the street.

"I'm an awful weakling," Kathleen confided to him, "to faint the very first time I . . ." — again she almost gave herself away, this time that she was not a Catholic, but only an interloper, a stranger, a curiosity seeker. What would he think of her after being so good and kind if he found out that she was not even a Catholic? — "the first time

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I get into a crowd," she said weakly. No, she could not tell him, a Catholic, that she was not of his faith.

"Don't think a thing about it," he said cheerfully. "Lots of people faint in church, lots and lots of them, men and women both. Why, at Mass and all that, they fall over like flies. You've seen them yourself — at Mass, you know." He lit a cigarette.

Kathleen stiffened at his words. He was taking it for granted that she was a Catholic like himself. What was she to do? Set him right? Shame herself before him? A street car thundered by and a taxi careened around the corner with screaming brakes.

"That's right," she finally managed to say. "I should have remembered. At Mass — and Eucharistic Congresses too, especially the outside ones held in the summer. It's beautiful and everything, but people faint — like me." She laughed. The young man laughed too but not as heartily as he might have. He also was having his thoughts. "She thinks I'm a Catholic like herself," was one of them. If he told her that he was not, she would wonder what he was doing in church, and why he was kneeling down, and all that. He'd have to go into the history of his life. A fine fix! He couldn't do that. He'd wait and see what happened.

"If you'll let me," he said, "I'll see you home. My car is just across the street. Or better still, let's take a drive in the country first. Cool fresh air is what you need, and I guarantee you'll find it in the country. What say?"

"That sounds wonderful," Kathleen assented, and followed her new found friend through the traffic to the parking lot.

"What's your name?" he shouted above the noise. "Before we get started." She told him.

"Mine's John Taylor if you'd like to know. Call me John any time. But here we are and in you go." He lifted her onto the seat of a large expensive car. In a few minutes they were driving down the boulevard, through the suburbs, and out into the starlit country. She leaned back in the corner of the seat and allowed the refreshing breeze to blow on her face, to whip back her hair, to fill her body with new life and vigor. They drove on in silence for half an hour until there appeared before them the lights of a wayside tavern.

"Hungry?" John asked.

Kathleen didn't trust herself to speak. The very word conjured up

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visions that she had no right to contemplate. Dainty, delicate food; rough, nourishing food; just plain bread and butter all marched before her at the word, then departed.

"Hungry?" she sighed as she looked after her vision.

"That's what I said. Come on. A sandwich will fix you up fine." He helped her from the car to a table in the corner of the tavern. They took up the menu card.

"What'll it be?" he asked.

"You order," she answered.

"Order?" he exclaimed as he looked questioningly into her face. "That word has a strange meaning on your lips. Say, listen, little girl, don't tell me that you've not had supper yet. I've heard of such things, but not in this day and age. Don't tell me that. Come now. Out with it."

"Don't be foolish," she said. "Who ever heard of anyone waiting this long for supper? Everything's fine, and a sandwich will be quite enough." Her smile was a crooked smile, and in spite of herself two large tears were again flowing down her cheeks. "I'm crazy," she said, "simply crazy." Angrily she tried to brush the tears aside. "I just don't know what has come over me this evening."

"I know," said John grimly. "I see it all now. You've been starving yourself, and we'll hear the story in a moment. Meanwhile—" he turned. "Waiter," he cried, "the best meal in the house, and make it fast."

**T**HE story came out in jerks and reluctant sentences down to the last detail. It had been so long since anyone had shown real interest in her that Kathleen could not halt the flow of her words. The young man appeared so kind and, well, sort of brotherly, so anxious to help, that she could not withhold her confidence. At last the sad tale came to an end.

"Of all the tough breaks," John said, "yours has been the toughest."

"Don't sympathize with me," said Kathleen. "I don't need any pity to get along. It's just that I'm weak and tired tonight."

"I understand. Catholics know how to take it standing up when the time comes. Novenas and priests help them a lot. My sympathy is for those who haven't got the faith to hang onto when trouble comes. You're lucky in spite of your hard breaks."

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"Novenas help a lot," admitted Kathleen who knew no more about novenas than she did about geometry. "And priests too. And then there are the bishops."

"And don't forget the rosaries. If protestants only knew."

"You certainly are right. But we ought to be going now, don't you think?" They went out to the car and started back for the city. When they drove up to the boarding house, John got out, took her hand and said:

"Well, my little one, good night, and better luck tomorrow." That was all. No request for another date, no other word. Just "good night." It was a unique experience for Kathleen. Every other boy with whom she had gone out had wanted to kiss her, and date her up for a month. She knew that John was just as captivated by her beauty as had been these others. She could see it in his eyes. And yet he did not seem to care whether he ever saw her again or not.

And then the solution of the riddle dawned upon her. He was a Catholic, and Catholics must have a rule forbidding the faithful to keep company with non-Catholics. That must have been the reason for his hesitation. Her dreams vanished into mist; her hopes, unformed though they were, came toppling to her feet. She felt a heaviness in her heart. Was it all to end like this? Slowly she climbed the steps to her room. Her thoughts were in rebellion as she tried to go to sleep. Why should not Catholics and non-Catholics go out together? She wasn't poison, she had always led a good life. What was wrong then? Well, she would find out — she would get some books from the library and study up on the matter; she would visit a priest and put the question to him squarely. The decision soothed her, and a moment later she was sound asleep.

JOHN TAYLOR drove home swiftly, his mind in a turmoil all the way. It had been years since he had felt so satisfied, so happy in the company of another as he had this evening in the company of Kathleen Kieron. Never had he beheld a more beautiful girl — beautiful in so many different ways. It was intangible, but it was there: classic features, innate modesty, charm and personality. She stood out from all the other girls he knew like a general from the rank and file of the army. Others seemed to have nothing on their minds but a knowledge of the latest fads and fashions, and no aspirations except to

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spend a man's money, and to pet in parked automobiles. This girl was different. You knew that you dared not touch her, that it would be like trampling down a rose or smudging a masterpiece.

He sought the explanation of her mysterious power as he put his car away. It came on him all of a sudden. She was a Catholic, and Catholics have a training for their girls unsurpassed in all the world. Kathleen was but the flower, the exemplification of that training. He should have known all along that her faith was the reason for his hesitancy in asking her to go out with him again. It would have been putting her "on the spot." Catholics are not supposed to go out with non-Catholics — he could tell it in the way she acted.

The party was still going on as he entered his apartment. But he slipped into his private room unseen, and immediately went to bed. It's a shame, he thought, that such a thing should come between us. I wonder why it is? She likes me, I'm sure of that. Why then should we be separated? There's only one way to answer that question — to study up. And to see a priest and ask him outright. He'd do it the first thing tomorrow. The thought quieted him, and in a moment he too was sound asleep.

**N**INE weeks passed.

Kathleen Kieron obtained a job — working behind a counter in a five and ten cents store. She earned thirteen dollars a week.

Each week of the nine, on Tuesday night, she mingled with the crowd, and attended services in the church where she had said her first real prayer. She said many more since then; it was, in fact, getting easy for her to pray, and she enjoyed it. God didn't seem very far away at all.

John Taylor attended the services too, but of course not with Kathleen. That was not the reason for his attendance; he did not want it to be the reason. There were hidden things that he was finding out, answers to his questions, as though a book had been opened before him and he had been told to read. And the indefinable things that he wanted were beginning to come.

And each week, after the services, John and Kathleen would meet at the front door of the church as though by accident. It was a kind of accident, for there was nothing premeditated or planned ahead of time. It just happened that way. Then they would get into John's big car,

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and drive out into the country as they did that first night. They spoke of only one thing on these drives, strange though it may seem—and that was the Catholic religion. Each one admitted secretly and profoundly the deep Catholicity of the other, while guarding carefully the secret of their own heart.

"My, but you know your faith well," said Kathleen.

"No better than you know it, my dear," answered John. And so the battle of wits went on with no victor yet in sight.

Thus passed nine weeks, and came the tenth. The crowd was just as great as ever attending the services, and so John had to wait some little time before he met Kathleen at the usual place.

"I can't go out tonight," he said. "I've got a date." He paused and smiled. "With a priest," he added. "But say, maybe you'd like to come along." There was a look of suppressed excitement on his face.

"That's strange," answered the girl. "I can't go out driving either tonight because I also have a date." She too paused and smiled. "And mine is with the priest just as yours is." Her eyes sparkled, and her face was flushed with expectation. "What's your priest's name?"

"Father O'Regan, and he's right here, attached to this church. What's yours?"

"Well, now isn't that the queerest thing? I didn't even know you knew him. Why, that's my priest too. Come, let's go together. You're going to hear something tonight that will make your hair stand up."

"I'm not going to hear anything stranger than what you're going to hear. You wait and see—or hear." Arm in arm they walked up to the door and rang the bell. In due time they were ushered into the presence of the priest.

"Well, well," he said. "Right on the dot—and together too. Really I had not expected that. Oh, I had intended to baptize you together, but I thought you'd come to the font by different paths. And here you are together." He waited as the look of surprise gathered on the faces of both John and Kathleen. Then he continued. "Of course I knew all about you all along—from your separate stories. You should have heard the descriptions that you gave of one another. Wonderful! I thought it would be a good joke to prolong your mutual ignorance a little longer—until tonight. Pretty good, eh?" He patted them on the back, and laughed a booming laugh. But John and Kathleen did not hear him; they did not even see him. They saw only each other.

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"Why, Kathy," said John, "you little faker."

"Why, Johnnie," echoed Kathleen, "you great big faker."

And there in the sacred presence of the priest and in the hallowed sanctuary of the priest's parlor, they kissed each other fondly.

"Here, here," cried the priest. "I say. What goes on! Come now. This can't be. Tsk! Tsk!" But there was a twinkle in his eye all the while. He led them to the church where the sponsors awaited, and half an hour later John Taylor and Kathleen Kieron emerged from the saving waters Christians and Catholics, this time with no doubt at all about it. Before they departed John said to the priest:

"Tomorrow, Father, we'll be here at seven for our first Holy Communion as you arranged. But tonight I'd like to make arrangements for another Sacrament to be received in the near future." He looked at Kathleen. In fact he put his arm around her.

"No, no," again cried the priest. "Not that again or out you go without a single arrangement. Yes, sure. Any arrangement. But what other Sacrament did you want to receive? Holy Orders, maybe?"

He laughed and reached for his appointment book.

### Custom

It is a daily custom to say:

"Good morning" when meeting a friend —

Do you say "Good morning" to God, your best friend?

"Thank you" when a friend does you a favor —

Do you say "Thank you" to God, your kindest friend?

"Hello" when passing friends and acquaintances —

Do you greet God when passing His house?

"I'll drop in for a visit" to your good friends —

Do you drop in for a visit with Jesus?

"Give me a hand" when you are in need of help —

Do you ask God "to give you a hand" in need?

"I'm sorry" when you have offended a friend —

Do you say "I'm sorry" when you have offended God?

"Good night" when you leave a friend —

Do you say "Good night" to God at the close of the day?

## HOKUM PARADE

We have heard boys in ball parks hawk their wares, and have marvelled at the sweep of imagination evidenced in their description of peanuts, popcorn, soft drinks, and ice cream. We have listened to peddlers cry out the merits of tomatoes, potatoes, and watermelons from the top of wagons and old trucks, and again were astounded at the wealth of knowledge concerning what we thought were just ordinary vegetables. But the advertisements in magazines, we think, beat them all. Here are a few, taken from one of the monthly magazines that boasts of more than a million subscribers. They don't show the imagination of the peddler and the boy. They are just stark silly—and laughable too.

Give your lazy liver this gentle "nudge." Buy, etc., etc.

Wake up your liver bile—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning rarin' to go. Buy, etc., etc.

Glitter with garnish of gold but no shine on your nose to spoil your golden chance for romance. Buy, etc., etc.

The orchid of the pea family. Buy, etc., etc.

Why do some girls lose out on love? Cosmetic skin! Buy, etc., etc.

Stop scratching. Relieve itch fast—or money back. Buy, etc., etc.

Don't let dull, dry hair dim your glamour. Buy, etc., etc.

One little failing a man can't stand! S-h-h-h . . . she has "GAP-OSIS." Buy, etc., etc.

Soft hands tell him you're a woman to be loved. Buy, etc., etc.

Sh-h-h! Nobody mentions bad breath! Bad breath keeps romance away! Buy, etc., etc.

It's wonderful to be in love! How foolish to miss your chance through dry, lifeless "middle-age" skin. Buy, etc., etc.

And so it goes, page after page, right through to the end. We wonder, does anyone take all this twaddle seriously? Does any girl believe that in the possession of soft hands or a smooth face all the tremendous problems of love and marriage are promptly solved? If so, it's a strange world in which we live!

## BUILDING A CATHEDRAL

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Church building is a harrowing, troublesome ordeal, even in the best of circumstances, today. It was not always thus. . . .

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F. A. RYAN

**N**O SINGLE incident reveals so clearly the difference between the medieval ages of faith and our own day as the story of the rebuilding of the Cathedral of Chartres after it had been destroyed by fire. Today, when a church must be built, great loans have to be made from men who demand their interest penny for penny; workmen are hired who will not raise a hand without certain assurance of material recompense; Catholic building firms bid against Catholics in a frantic scramble to obtain something of the profits that can be realized from the building of a church. Now consider how Our Lady's Cathedral at Chartres was rebuilt, according to the description of Huysmans, in the thirteenth century.

**W**ORD went forth of the fire that had destroyed the church, and immediately the whole countryside rose as one man to rebuild it. Whole villages and towns closed their homes and their workshops, gathered together what materials their locality possessed for the building of a church, whether huge timbers, or quarried stone, or wrought iron and steel, and took to the road that led to Chartres. They came not only from places near Chartres, but from cities in Orleans, in Normandy, in Brittany, from the far north. They came, not only the able-bodied and strong men who could climb scaffolds and lift timbers and stone and carve out statues, but women and children came with them. And not even the sick and old were left behind; they were carried along, that while others worked, they might pray and suffer to obtain the help of the Virgin in whose name the great temple was being raised.

They formed a huge tent city extending for miles and miles around Chartres. Every soul in the vast throng was expected to inaugurate the task by going to confession and receiving Holy Communion. Those who were known to be sinners and who refused to make their peace with God were not allowed to touch a single stone or timber that was to be part of the Church of the Virgin.

**E**VERY morning at a given hour the work began. An unknown architect — unknown to this day — had formed the plan. Under him were groups of monks, who gave orders to chiefs chosen by the people themselves. Men, women and children, noble ladies and simple peasants, worked side by side, mixing mortar, carrying supplies, each glorying in the opportunity of performing some infinitesimal and humble part of the rebuilding of the Church of our Lady.

From five miles away men brought the stone that formed the chief part of the new structure. With simple crude instruments they quarried it, in such large pieces that sometimes it required a thousand men to transport one block to the Cathedral site and hoist it into place.

When in the evening the work stopped, the air was filled with the chant of psalms and the singing of hymns. On Sundays great processions were formed, in which the thousands of inhabitants of the tent city marched behind banners, or knelt by the way as the marchers passed along. Never in the history of the world was labor and toil so accompanied by prayer and sacrifice.

Discipline among the throngs was perfect, despite the poor circumstances in which all lived together. When food ran short, there were miracles of multiplication, well attested by documents dating back to the very time. Many of the sick and crippled and infirm were healed suddenly that they might take part in the work. Accidents that occurred during the building operations brought miracles of sudden healing from the Mother who watched over the scene.

So the great Cathedral gradually arose. No names of donors or workmen appeared on any part of the structure; not even the name of the genius who designed the whole was handed down to posterity. No wages were paid to architect or monks or workmen. The Cathedral was built by the faith and love of a whole nation, and it stands today as the greatest example of sublime and majestic architecture that the world has ever seen.

**A**ND today — what a sorry task we make of building a church. We dicker with architects and contractors, trying to keep down costs and to get the most out of every penny grudgingly given by those for whom the church is intended. We erect shrines and altars — but feel bound to perpetuate the names of those who made them possible by carving them into the stone. That is why we shall never build a church

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like the Cathedral of Chartres. That church stands alone, and will stand forever, the concrete embodiment of the memory of an age when people believed it a glorious privilege anonymously and laboriously to take part in raising a temple to the honor of God and His Mother.

### Servants of Satan

Satan has a great many servants, and they are all busy and active. They ride in the railway trains, and sail on the steam-boats, they swarm along the highways of the country and the thoroughfares of the city, they do business in the busy marts, they are everywhere and in all places. Some are so vile looking that one instinctively turns from them in disgust; but some are so sociable, insinuating, and plausible that they almost deceive at times the very elect. Among the latter are to be found the devil's four chief servants. Here are their names:

“There's no danger.”

“Only this once.”

“Everybody does so.”

“By and by.”

All four are cheats and liars. They mean to deceive and cheat you out of heaven. “Behold,” says God, “now is the acceptable time, now is the day of salvation.” He has no promise for “by and by.”

### Head of a Religion

The supreme head of the Buddhist religion is known as the Delai Lhama. Perhaps no religious cult in the world has a more peculiar way of choosing its head than the Buddhists. They believe in the reincarnation of souls, i.e., the return to the world in a new form of those who die. Therefore, when a Delai Lhama dies, a search is immediately begun for a child born in any part of the Chinese or Tibetan empire at the exact moment in which the previous Delai Lhama died.

Recently such a new head was found for the Buddhist religion. Five years ago the reigning Delai Lhama died, and since that time the search for a child born at the moment of his death went on. At last he has been found, and the five-year old child has been brought to Lhasa in the midst of magnificent ceremonies and crowned political head of Tibet and religious head of millions of Buddhists.

## MOMENTS AT MASS

### The First Reading, Called Epistle

F. A. BRUNNER

A very important part of the so-called Fore-Mass is the reading, first of what is known as the "Epistle" and second of the Gospel, for the Fore-Mass is pre-eminently instructional. The Epistle is read immediately after the last collect has been sung.

#### *1. Historical notes:*

The Fore-Mass, as was said, bears an instructional character. It is arranged on the plan of the old conventicles at the synagogue where each Sabbath the "Law" was read and the "Prophets" and after certain psalms were sung the president of the gathering delivered a sermon on the readings or appointed another to do so. In the earliest Christian churches this practice was adopted, though soon the readings dropped into a new mold, with first a lesson from the Old Testament, then a reading of one of the letters sent by St. Paul or some other early Christian writer, and lastly a recital of the Gospel story. The services held on Good Friday—the Mass of the Presanctified—retain this older order of things, but in most Masses one of the readings, usually that from the Old Testament, has been dropped.

#### *2. Practical notes:*

It is of interest and value to study the contents of the first reading. Does it refer to the feast of the day or not? Often, indeed, the "Epistle" is only a portion of a regular and systematic course of instruction which was followed from Mass-day to Mass-day over a period of weeks or months. Sometimes, however, the reading has a distinctly occasional character, referring in some way remote or proximate to the feast being celebrated. Each must be studied separately.

# *Catholic Anecdotes*

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## THE GRUMBLER

The patience of St. Francis de Sales was ever a matter of surprise to his friends. They could not understand how he could spend long hours in the parlor talking with what seemed to be tramps and outcasts who should have been disposed of with one word and sent on their way. Particularly one bishop found this patience altogether too much for him to bear. He was a person given to complaining anyway.

One day when his complaints were particularly loud, Francis said to him:

"Do you know, brother, there is somewhere in the world a person whom you have made very happy? Guess who it is." The bishop guessed several people.

"No, not that one, or that one," answered Francis as each name was mentioned.

"Well, who is it then?"

"Why, it is the lady who would have been your wife had you remained in the world and married."

Thus the bishop came to realize that there is no one in the world so capable of spreading unhappiness as the man who had not acquired the virtue of patience.

## FROM THE LIPS OF A PAGAN

When the great law-giver and philosopher, Solon, was made head of the government of Athens, his first step was to bring order out of the chaos into which his native land had fallen. He reorganized the government, passed sane and sensible laws, and exiled the men who up to that time had been using the power given them to deprive the people of their liberty and to reduce them to slavery.

After such consuming labor, he felt that he needed a rest; so he went abroad for a trip. One of the countries he visited was Lydia, in Asia Minor (now Turkey) which boasted of a king, Croesus by name, who claimed to be the richest man in the world. Solon, who was a philosopher, a true philosopher, and therefore quite detached from the

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possessions of the world, thought it well worth his while to call on a person who seemed to find all his happiness in wealth.

Hardly had he entered the palace and met Croesus, when the king, desiring to make an impression on his visitor, led Solon into his vaults and showed him a vast array of riches.

"What do you think of that?" he demanded triumphantly. Solon was silent; so the king went on.

"Who do you think is the happiest man in the world?" The philosopher thought for a moment, and then named two obscure Greeks whose names Croesus had never even heard. The king was angry on being cheated of a compliment; so he asked sharply for an explanation, why these men should be happier than one with so much wealth. Solon answered:

"No man, my friend, can be considered really happy, whose heart is wedded to material things. Material things pass, and their owner becomes a widow. To widows belongs grief. Or the man himself passes away, and can take none of his gold with him. Again, it is only grief."

Thus even before the time of Christ, men saw the foolishness of attachment to wealth.

### WHAT DOTH IT PROFIT A MAN —

Cardinal Richelieu was one of the greatest statesmen ever to live upon the earth. Though ordained a priest, he aspired to political power, and did not rest until he became the first man in France. It was due to his machinations that France became a world power.

But the Cardinal in his capacity as Prime Minister could not always act the way a prince of the Church should. He had to be worldly with the worldly, politic with the politicians, and cunning with the diplomats of other governments. He had to use the means at his disposal to hold his position and to gain the end he wanted. Not always were these means entirely above suspicion.

Perhaps that is the reason the Pope made so strange a statement when he heard of Richelieu's death.

"If there be a God," said the Pope, "Cardinal Richelieu will have much to answer for. But if there be no God, why, his life was a great success."

What does it profit a man if he gains the whole world and suffers the loss of his immortal soul?

# Pointed Paragraphs

## ALL SAINTS' DAY

To many Catholics All Saints' Day means no more than the obligation of hearing Mass on a week day under pain of sin. So much more the pity that they should be so weak in faith and cramped in imagination!

Faith teaches that the saints are our brothers and sisters of other years who labored under the shadow of Adam's sin as do we, and who in consequence felt the pangs of sickness, the flames of passion, the ravages of personal sin. But they carried on in spite of mountainous obstacles placed directly in the path of their resolutions — they carried on courageously, and were eventually admitted into the joys of paradise.

We do not know the names of most of these people — they lived and died unknown; but we do know that millions of them, endowed with no more power than we ourselves possess, dwell in heaven today as companions of the angels and friends of God. They are the saints, the unknown saints of the Church Militant in victory. On All Saints' Day we are asked to think of them, to rejoice with them, and to ask them for their favor.

All Saints' Day is in a sense like the monument dedicated to the Unknown Soldier: this monument is a great symbolic tomb where all can come and recall with thanks the countless boys whose names are now forgotten who gave up their lives for their country; All Saints' Day is a time when all Christians can pause and recall to memory the heroic struggles of so many forgotten men and women, who also died bravely in the midst of the battle of temptation and trouble that the name of God might live.

Yes, they died and they went to heaven, and there they are given the power of aiding the Church Militant still struggling with the foe. Would that we had imagination enough to see them about us all the time, their hands full of graces, their hearts full of hopes that we ask in order that we might receive. Their service depends in great measure on our asking. Would that we might become as familiar with them as we are with our friends in the flesh!

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Then All Saints' Day would mean more to us than the obligation of hearing holy Mass on a week day under pain of sin.

### PEERING INTO PURGATORY

There is a sound principle in philosophy and science which says that "natures do not change." The nature of a thing is that which makes it the kind of a thing it is. Obviously, if the nature of a thing were to change, the thing which existed before would no longer exist.

Out of the sheer metaphysics of that principle it is possible to evolve some very satisfactory and helpful thoughts about purgatory. Man's nature does not change, even after he passes into the next world, and for that reason much can be realized about the experiences of the souls in purgatory by meditation on how we the living react to circumstances somewhat similar to those of the suffering souls.

Certainly the thought is inevitable that there is some joy—even a great joy—in the soul that is being cleansed in preparation for the vision of God. We know that on earth we can bear much sorrow, if in our hearts there is certainty of some great relief and reward. When, as a patient, we are finally assured by the doctors that convalescence is in progress, we no longer rebel against the bitter medicines and the starvation diet and the discomforts of being confined. Hope transforms us, and the more certain the hope, the more resignedly we accept the hardships.

The souls in purgatory have the same capacity for joy in suffering. Only they have an infinitely greater hope and a more absolute certainty of ultimate release. They know that nothing can happen to hinder their union with God; they know something of the previously inconceivable character of what joy that union will mean. With a nature the same as that of living men, they cannot help bear the most acute sufferings with hope and joy.

But there is another sense in which the suffering souls react like the living. In convalescence, human beings appreciate more than at any other time what is done to help them while away the hours, and any service that shortens the period of their confinement. Friends and loved ones never become dearer than when they stand by in our helplessness, or give of their strength and knowledge that we may be healed.

How perfectly this human experience is fulfilled in the suffering souls—when loved ones and friends not only stand by, but exercise

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their power of meriting to obtain them quick release from the purifying flames! The memory of such kindness will accompany them into heaven, and will permit them never to be unmindful there of those who offered such sweet charity in their need.

Thoughts like these make November a happy month. It is the month when all Christians are thinking of how they can intensify the joy and shorten the pain of their loved ones beyond the land of the living.

### THE POINT IN NEUTRALITY

The question of how the United States should act to preserve neutrality is one that seems to have created a degree of befuddlement seldom attained on any issue. One side is just as certain as the other that its proposals are the only means to keep the country out of war. Naturally, with public leaders so hopelessly at odds, the opinions expressed by ordinary citizens cover a range of viewpoints that admits of only one point of unity, viz., that they don't want war. One man's guess is as good as another's, it would seem, when everybody claims prophetic knowledge that his way is the only one that leads away from war.

But there is a point in the discussion that does not receive sufficient emphasis, and which seems to us to be the most important point of all. Everybody agrees that war is a frightful thing. Everybody wishes it had never started or that it could be stopped, or that it could be rendered less horrible than it promises to be. Everybody wants to keep the United States out of war. But few seem to be thinking that if we are justified in hating war, our hatred begets the moral obligation of not providing the means of war for others, on the simple ground that to do so is to cooperate in the business of mass killing. Entirely apart from every other issue, it is hard to see how we can justify making guns and putting them into other people's hands so that they can kill one another.

The whole thing can be put very simply. If two men were gun-fighting in a street before a shop dealing in hunting weapons, no one would raise an argument as to whether the storekeeper should or should not be selling bullets to the fighters. If we do not want to see people killed, we cannot want to put weapons into their hands with which they can kill. If we do, we are cooperating in murder.

Someone will say that the issue is so clear that we should help one

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side defeat the other. If this were so, it can still be argued that we help nobody by cooperating in killing. The greatest help we can give is to hasten the day when arbitration will take the place of war, with as few killings preceding it as possible. The more guns we sell the more killing there will be. The fewer guns we sell, the fewer the people who will be killed and the quicker the bullets now ready will peter out and the war come to an end.

If we hate war, let's hate it thoroughly, and in the least doubt as to issues or our ability to mould them, let's refuse to make it possible for even one soldier to be killed. The issue on our neutrality act may be settled by the time this is printed, but we hope the settlement will not mean adding to the tragedy that already engulfs Europe.

## JOYOUS CENTENNIAL

Refreshingly clear of all the great controversial matters of the day, gloriously remote from the mutterings of dictators and the rumblings of war, was the celebration during October of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Little Sisters of the Poor. The world has its troubles and its trouble-makers, but it also has its angels, and these Sisters measure up to as exalted a definition of "human angels" as anyone can give.

The multitude and variety of the friends of the Little Sisters of the Poor in themselves betoken their universally esteemed position in a sinful world. Catholics, Protestants, Jews, pagans, self-styled atheists — all pay their tribute — often by surreptitious visits to the Little Sisters to see whether they have enough coal or beans or bread or what-not. Some worldly-minded business men are even superstitious about it; they admit that they would "fear some terrible calamity if they did not do something for the Little Sisters," who are so changelessly simple and happy and unworldly that they force people to think of powers beyond this visible sphere.

No one can visit the Little Sisters and see them at their work without coming away inspired and uplifted. They put so much pleasure and comfort and human sympathy into the lives of the old folk who have nothing and no one to lean on that the visitor is made to feel a glow of happiness just in watching. And they do it so effortlessly, so naturally, so much as if it was the easiest and most instinctive thing in the world to do, that again and again incredulous visitors have said

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they would not believe it possible had they not seen it with their eyes.

In most large cities, religious and civic, Catholic and non-Catholic leaders joined in helping the Little Sisters celebrate their anniversary. And in everyone's heart was the wish and the prayer that the Little Sisters will go on through many hundreds of years, lightening the burdens of the old, and elevating the whole community in which they dwell.

### THESE "TOLERANT" MOTHERS

Calamity howlers are not popular persons. It is far better to be an incorrigible optimist of the "everything's-fine-nothing-to-worry-about" school if you want to be beloved. But once in a while we forget all our well learned lessons about optimism and let ourselves go. A seemingly innocent little anecdote in a very popular magazine broke through all our guards recently.

The anecdote is related in a letter to the editor by a Chicago woman. She tells how her son, a freshman at college, came home for a week end. She listened to him talk enthusiastically about his courses in history, French, economics, etc.; and then asked him:

"Don't you take any course in religion?"

The son looked at his mother in amazement. "Religion?" he said. "I wouldn't take religion any more than I'd take Greek or Sanscrit. The idea is to study just what will be useful later."

That is not the end of the anecdote. Nor should it call forth any fulminations against this underprivileged ignoramus of a freshman. The real point is in the comment of the mother, who, probably with a deep sigh, penned these poignant words to the editor: "I let it go at that because I'm not the sort of mother to press a point, but what he said has been on my mind ever since. Is religion, really, as dead as Greek? Doesn't it have as much relation with life as economics or chemistry? Aren't we taking a dangerous course if we neglect religion in educating our young people? What do you think?"

Excuse me, venerable colleague in the editorial chair, if I answer this mother's questions. "It is about time, rather, it is away past time for you to find out the answer to your own questions, you who never press a point with your children. As a matter of fact, it is so far past time that if your son's college course tried to pump religion (no danger that it will) into him from morning to night for five days a week, it

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would not get beyond the skin. You ask, 'Aren't we taking a dangerous course if we neglect religion in educating our young people?' Madam, you have asked that question seventeen or eighteen years too late. You took the dangerous course — so dangerous that you jeopardized both the temporal and eternal happiness of your son — and the mounting years will reveal your folly day by day. May God in His unfathomable mercy spare you what your criminal neglect has deserved!"

Sociologists who are spending their lives looking for causes of crime, reasons for social problems, remedies for civilization, will find the most certain of all in the words of empty-headed mothers like the above. If that be calamity howling, it is likewise the bitter truth.

### FALSE PREMISES AND FALSE CONCLUSIONS

We have arrived at a conclusion as to the reasons why Catholic literature has so difficult a time to keep its head above water. It is a drastic conclusion, but we believe it holds truth.

Catholics do not believe that there is such a thing as Catholic literature. They understand the meaning of Catholic, and they can define for you what is commonly meant by literature. But they can see only a contradiction in the words *Catholic literature*. "There jist ain't no such thing," as the boy said right fresh from the university.

Anything Catholic must of necessity be merely pious. Oh, there may be a dash of imagination here and there, there may be descriptive powers evinced in a paragraph or two, there may be an occasional flashy plot. But the general run is weak stuff at the best and pretty awful at the worst. Once upon a time in their lives they happened on one of the more pious magazines, and all their conclusions have been drawn from that one experience. They lump all magazines together that in any way are Catholic and give them the title of prayer books or catechisms. And the strange part of it is, they've never looked at another Catholic magazine since that time they were so sadly disillusioned!

Such people are certainly casting a strong indictment on Catholic education. One would think that our universities had no knowledge whatsoever of the courses necessary to make good writers. And they are stamping their own Faith as incapable of producing talented novelists, essayists, and dramatists. One would be led to believe (listening to such critics) that as soon as a man deals with vital issues of life that are in some way bound up with the principles of the Catholic Church (and

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they must be so bound up, for the principles of the Catholic Church are realities in men's lives that cannot be put aside) that man no longer can lay claim to the title of author.

Basing all on a false premise that Catholic literature as found in Catholic magazines and papers is not worth its salt, it is easy to understand why otherwise good Catholics always call for the "popular, national" magazine at the newsstand when they are preparing for a journey on a train.

If only people could be brought to the knowledge that many of the best writers in the world write for Catholic magazines, and many of the most talented journalists in the world work for Catholic newspapers, Catholic literature would take its rightful place in the daily lives of men — far above the "junk" that is to be found in many of the "popular" and "widely read" weeklies.

## DESTRUCTION OF YOUTH

Germany loves its youth. To prove this the German officials are doing their best to make the country's youth godless. They are closing the parochial schools and forcing the children to take their education from a distorted Nazi viewpoint. A stronger and healthier Aryan race is expected to emerge from this new education.

Russia is also promoting the welfare of youth by urging all boys and girls to cast aside God and become atheistic. Schools, literature, government support, aid them to reach this desirable goal.

Things are not quite so bad in the United States. Only this, according to statistics printed in the magazine *Wisdom*.

20,000,000 boys and girls have never entered a church.

700,000 boys and girls under 21 years of age belong to the grand army of crime, delinquency, and degeneracy.

100,000 boys and girls are marijuana addicts.

1,000,000 boys and girls eventually will be in mental institutions.

Many thousands of boys and girls belong to some kind of anti-religious organization.

Of such stuff are revolutions, persecutions, wars, made and developed. United States, beware!

Nothing good can be expected from a man who does not pray. —  
*St. Francis de Sales.*

# LIGUORIANA

## EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

### "THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS"

The chief thing forbidden in this commandment is to give false testimony in a court of justice. When you are interrogated by a legitimate judge, you are bound to

From: **Instructions for the People**  
tell the truth; and if you do not dis-  
close it, and say that you know  
nothing about it, you are guilty of  
sin. But someone may say: "I have  
concealed the truth that my neighbor  
might not be injured." This  
reason is not sufficient. When  
asked by lawful authority, you  
are bound to tell what you know,  
though it should be the cause of  
a loss to your neighbor. This is a  
just loss; for the public good re-  
quires that malefactors should be  
punished. But they cannot be  
punished if witnesses do not de-  
pose to what they know.

He, however, commits a more  
grievous sin who in a court of  
justice attests a falsehood detri-  
mental to his neighbor. A lie is  
always sinful, though it should be  
told in jest, or even for a useful  
purpose; even though it be in  
order to escape death.

A lie, then, is always a sin. To  
tell a lie which is not injurious to  
the neighbor is only a venial sin;  
but when it does a grievous injury  
to another, it is a mortal sin. It is  
of such lies that we are to under-  
stand the text of Scripture, *The  
mouth that believeth, killeth the soul.*  
A lie told before a judge is a  
double mortal sin; and when ac-  
companied with an oath, as is al-  
ways the case in courts of justice,

it contains the additional guilt of  
sacrilege, on account of the false  
oath, which is a most grievous sin.  
Eusebius relates that three wit-  
nesses made false accusations be-  
fore a judge against Narcissus the  
bishop. The first said: "If the  
charge is not true, I am willing to  
be burnt alive." The second said:  
"I am satisfied to die of the jaun-  
dice." The third said: "I am will-  
ing to be deprived of sight." In a  
little time the three imprecations  
were verified. One became blind,  
another died of the jaundice, and  
the third was reduced to ashes by  
lightning.

### *What Else is Forbidden?*

This commandment forbids de-  
traction. This, too, is a very com-  
mon sin. You will, says St. Jerome,  
find few persons who do not will-  
ingly censure the conduct of  
others. Find me a man, says St.  
James, who does not sin with the  
tongue, and I will admit that he is  
a saint. *If any man offend not in  
word, the same is a perfect man.*  
St. Bernard says that detraction is  
a three-edged sword, which, with  
a single stroke, inflicts three  
wounds; it wounds the detractor  
with sin, the person detracted with  
the loss of his character, and it  
wounds those who listen to it; for  
he who listens to detraction, and  
shows that it is pleasing to him,  
is also guilty of sin.

### *What Is Detraction?*

Detraction is twofold: *calumny*  
and *defamation*.

*Calumny* consists in telling a  
falsehood injurious to a neighbor,  
or in aggravating his guilt. When

grievously injurious to another it is a mortal sin, and the author of it is bound to restore the character of his neighbor.

*Defamation* consists in telling a secret sin of another to those who are ignorant of it; this, too, when grievous, is a mortal sin, because the person defamed, as long as his sin is occult, retains his good name; you rob him of it by revealing his sin, and when he has lost his reputation, he can no longer show himself in the world.

*Modes of Detraction.*

There are various ways of taking away the reputation of another.

1. By open defamation — by saying: *Such a person has been guilty of such a sin, etc.*

2. By indirect defamation; by saying, for example: *Such a man goes to confession frequently; but I . . . had better not say.* It is sometimes less injurious to tell the sin openly, for the insinuation conveyed by that little *but* will make the persons think that the evil is greater than it is in reality.

3. By censuring the motives of a person's actions. Some cannot find fault with their neighbor's conduct, because it is blameless. What, then, do they do? They censure his motives or intentions. They say: *He has acted thus in order to deceive others.*

4. By signs. He who is guilty of this kind of detraction is called in Scripture *a man full of tongue*; that is, a man who makes all his limbs into tongues, who detracts his neighbor not only with the tongue, but also with the hands, with the feet, and with the eyes.

5. Some are in the habit of listening and of afterwards relating what they have heard. They

hear a person speak ill of another, and instantly go to the other and tell what they have heard. These are called *backbiters*, and are accursed by God, because they perform the office of the devil: they disturb the peace of families, of entire towns, and are the cause of so much hatred and of so many quarrels.

When a person's sin is public, to tell it without a just cause, to one who is ignorant of it, is not a mortal sin, but it is a venial sin against charity; but remember that it is a mortal sin to reveal a fact that was once notorious but is now occult; because the person who had lost his reputation has now regained it.

*Listening to Detraction.*

I said that detraction is a sin. But is it a sin to listen to detraction? A very great sin if you encourage detraction, or if you take pleasure in it and show you are pleased with it. But if a person does not show himself pleased with the detraction, but through a certain fear neglects to reprove the detractor, he is not, according to St. Thomas, guilty of a mortal sin, because he is not sure that his correction will have the effect of preventing the detraction. But this is to be understood only of those who are not Superiors; for the Superior of a person is always obliged to correct him and to stop the detraction. When a person hears detraction going on, and perceives that the matter is important and secret, he should either correct the detraction, or endeavor to change the subject of the conversation, or go away, or at least show by his countenance that he is displeased with the detraction.

## Book Reviews

### DEVOTION

*Our Lady's Rosary.*  
By Fathers Callan and  
McHugh, O.P. 164  
pages. Published by  
Kenedy. Price, cloth  
boards, \$0.35. Leather-  
ette, \$1.50.

Here we are given a compendium of information, meditations, prayers and devotions—all centering around the most universal private devotion in the Catholic world, viz., the holy rosary. Nothing is lacking to make the booklet one of the most complete and accurate of its kind. It begins with a history of the rosary, an account of each of the prayers that make it up, and simple instruction on how to say the rosary. Then follows a treatise on how one should meditate while saying the prayers of the rosary, and a Scripture reading and complete meditation on each of the fifteen mysteries commemorated in the fifteen decades of the rosary. Appended to this valuable material are the full text of the Mass of the Rosary, suggestions for the conduct of October devotions in honor of the rosary, an outline of certain private rosary devotions, etc., and the official prayers of the confraternity of the rosary. A list of indulgences attached to the recitation of the rosary in whole or in part completes the book. It therefore is an invaluable guide for priests who often have to cast about for material on the rosary in answer to questions or in instruction of converts and it is a real boon to those lay people who wish to enlarge the spiritual benefits that they obtain from the devotion of the rosary.—D. F. M.

### RELIGION

*Blavatsky, Besant and Co. The Story of a Great Anti-Christian Fraud.* By T. M. Francis, with a preface by Herbert Thurston, S.J. Published by Library Service Guild, Saint Paul, Minnesota. 111 pages. Price, 75 cents.

This is undoubtedly a very important book. It succeeds in taking all the novelty and glamor out of theosophy—and makes it almost impossible for any intelligent man to give this modern imitation of religion even a momentary consideration. From authentic documents it

*Books reviewed here may be ordered through The Liguorian.*  
*These comments represent the honest opinion of the reviewers, with neither criticism nor deserving praise withheld.*

tells the inside story of Madame Blavatsky, the founder of modern theosophy, and from her own statements and admissions convicts her of almost every form of lying and deception. She was a woman utterly without principle. It is a rather sad commentary on American gullibility that while she was completely discredited in most of Europe and in her native land (Russia) she was accepted as a great prophetess and seer in the United States, where men who should have displayed more critical insight followed her around like puppies. Possibly many of them hoped to realize some of the monetary rewards that her base chicanery brought to the Madame herself. As to the doctrines taught by Madame Blavatsky, they are only a re-hash of old Hindu, Tibetan and Chinese writings—many of them directly plagiarized as scholars have demonstrated, though Madame Blavatsky claimed that this was all new revelation made to herself for the first time. That theosophy, with such origins, is still able to attract listeners to lectures and adherents to its doctrines is one of those mysteries of human nature; or rather, it is saddening proof of how deep in folly human nature can descend when it has rejected the sound, rational, ennobling truths that underlie the true religion.—D. F. M.

*St. Augustine on Eternal Life.* By Rev. D. J. Leahy, D.D., Ph.D. Price, \$1.50. 122 pages. Benziger Brothers, New York.

We do not quite agree with the words on the blurb of this book that the "author treats the subject of eternal life so readably that his extremely interesting study should appeal to every sort of reader." It is a very learned treatise, and one unacquainted with philosophy would have some difficulty in following it, especially the first chapter that deals with the Vision of God as taught by Plotinus and by St. Augustine. The second chapter discusses (from the doctrine of St. Augustine): The Intellectual Vision; Love; The Vision Reserved to Heaven; The Lumen Glorie; and The Intuitive Vision. The third chapter is concerned with: The

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Body; The Bodily Eyes; and The Time When Man Will See God. St. Augustine is too little understood, in fact too little read in these days of false philosophies and no philosophies. And eternal life is all but forgotten. Thus this book will fill a very definite need. And for thinking people it will be a source of intellectual refreshment.—*E. F. M.*

*Primitive Revelation.* By Rev. Wilhelm Schmidt, S.V.D. Translated by Rev. Joseph J. Baeir, S.T.D. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Pages ix + 309. Price, \$2.75.

To present the essence, scope and content of primitive revelation; to show in the light of prehistory, anthropology and ethnology, that the earliest known men were capable of receiving such a revelation; to point out how many branches of natural science actually confirm its historicity; and finally to reconstruct its fate after man's fall and dispersion; such is the varied but unified purpose of this book. Very little has been written in this field from a Catholic standpoint and so the book fills a real need. And Catholics can be justly proud of Dr. Schmidt's work as he is an acknowledged authority in his scientific field.

The author shows from a scientific view-point how thoroughly sensible and rational is the Church's present position as to the evolution of man's body. His conclusion is that there is no scientific proof for it, hence the Church is eminently scientific when it teaches generally, as the obvious sense of *Genesis*, that God immediately created the bodies of Adam and Eve. I believe, however, that the author does not give full weight to the decision of the Biblical Commission on just this question when he says that the decision binds us to admit only the immediate creation of the souls of our first parents. That much is of Faith. The decision evidently means more than that.

From his findings in prehistory, anthropology and ethnology, the author concludes that, scientifically speaking, man at his earliest age was capable of receiving a supernatural revelation, again giving a scientific background for the truth of the first Chapters of the Bible.

"*Primitive Revelation*" is well written. The translation is remarkably clear and eminently English. I think that the book is a fine addition to our Catholic scientific literature and still it is simple and interesting enough to afford pleasurable

and profitable reading to laymen.

—*E. A. M.*

*The Doctrine of Spiritual Perfection.* By Rev. Anselm Stolz, O.S.B. Translated by Rev. Aidan Williams, O.S.B., S.T.D. Monk of Belmont Abbey, Hereford, England. 250 pages. Price, \$2.25.

This is a theological treatise on mysticism. In general the author follows St. Thomas. Although he gives what other schools of theological thought hold, still he avoids entering into long disputes on controverted questions. The presentation is clear and concise. The language and style are good; one would never guess that the book is a translation.

Those who have read the mystics, or have read more devotional books on mysticism, will read this book with interest and profit. For it is a scientific treatise on the higher spiritual life based on correct dogmatic principles.—*F. E. B.*

### PAMPHLETS

*The Communistic Crisis—Constitution of the United States.* By Joseph A. Vaughan, S.J., Ph.D. Published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. Price: single copy 10c postpaid; lot prices.

These two pamphlets are related in that they are both concerned, one wholly, the other in part, with a common topic. In both Fr. Vaughan tries to put first things first, where they belong; in both he is working for a better understanding and appreciation of our country, its principles.

The second of these pamphlets is a collection of essays on the Constitution of the United States. Because of their potential value the full list of sub-titles is given here: 1) A Study in Contrasts—Fascism, Nazism and Communism; 2) Constitution Based on Catholic Principles; 3) Constitution and Private Property; 4) Youth and Americanism; 5) God in the Constitution.

Both pamphlets are good and worth reading; the second deserves a place especially in study clubs interested in these particular topics.—*M. S. B.*

*The Invincible Standard.* By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. 31 pages. Price, 10c.

The "cross" a symbol—a battle standard—a reality in life—a stumbling block to those who will not accept, —a step to higher things for those who know and love it.—*M. S. B.*

## Catholic Comment

It begins to appear that the sponsors and supporters of the Legion of Decency are going to have some heavy work cut out for them during the next several months. Word has leaked out that the motion picture producers are already letting down the bars on the suggestive and the shady. The reason: they have lost many of their European markets by reason of the war, and are hoping that South American markets can be induced to make up for the lost volume of business. But, they argue, South American movie patrons like their entertainment spicy, and far be it from the \$200,000 a year executives to deprive any part of their patronage from what it wants if it means business. Even some of the secular columnists have already noted an increase in suggestive situations and repartee, undraped human bodies, and exotic and passionate love scenes. All of which calls for extraordinary alertness on the part of those who are judging films according to the standards of the Legion of Decency, and a strengthening of the voluntary boycott front on the part of movie goers. For a while vigilance relaxed because of the momentum of success achieved by the Legion of Decency. Now it appears that it must become more keen than ever. God forbid that the scourge of war should be the occasion for the unleashing of a scourge of immorality! It is up to all decent people to see to it that it shall not be so. If catering to South American markets means playing up the obscene or objectionable, let them pay for it in the loss of their North American markets in their entirety.

◎

The death of Cardinal Mundelein brought out many beautiful things about the Catholic faith for the benefit of the public at large. The sincere tributes that were paid to his life and work by every class of citizens in and outside of the archdiocese of Chicago; the magnificent funeral, which was permeated with the theme that man, no matter how exalted in life, enters eternity alone, and must stand alone like any man great or lowly to be judged by God; the simplicity of the Cardinal's will, with its humble recognition of indebtedness to the Church he had served, and its simple renunciation of the modest sum of money in the Cardinal's name into the hands of that Church; the majestic oratory of the funeral sermon of Archbishop Cantwell, delivered with all the sincerity of human friendship and the certainty of faith; and finally, the simple text engraved, by his own wish, on the Cardinal's tomb, "I shall await God my Saviour," — all these things emphasized the fundamental truth and appeal of the true faith in a way that many sermons could not do. There are not wanting those who have prejudiced themselves against every feature of the Catholic Church; those who see evil in the highest of achievements and the noblest of endeavors on the part of Catholic prelates; but the death and funeral of Cardinal Mundelein have shown that fundamentally, the Church is concerned solely with the salvation of the individual soul, and in the presence of death that concern overshadows everything else. That is why the prayer is repeated a hundred times in the funeral of a Cardinal or a pauper: May he rest in peace; may the souls of all the faithful departed rest in peace.

◎

In war, says a book published some ten years ago, the first casualty is truth.

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No one living in the present era of war can doubt the axiom. Just take any issue of any paper dealing with any engagement on any front of the present war, and read the subsequent communiques 1) from Berlin, 2) from Paris, 3) from London. If you do not become convinced that truth has gone down before the sword of propaganda you are naive indeed. Or take the speeches of the leaders of the various nations at war and see if you can find any unanimity in the reporting of facts, to say nothing of the analysis of issues. We, however, should not be amazed at this hiding, cloaking, denying, and falsifying of the truth that is going on; the very moment in which a nation clamps down a strict censorship on every communication that leaves the land, we are being told that from that time on we need not expect to be informed of the exact truth. Harmful truths shall be suppressed, admit the censors; helpful truths shall be supplied, if necessary, out of someone's imagination. What we should do and must do is to establish a private censorship in our own minds, which will not permit onesided judgments to be formed on the basis of reports that come only from the propaganda mills.



Columnists who ferret out inside information about the political and economic trends of the times tell us to be ready for the floating of huge issues of stocks in airplane manufacturing companies as soon as the arms embargo neutrality act is repealed. If the announcement is correct, it should be noted down as the seed-sowing of another depression. For the new issues will be used to erect mammoth factories designed to fill the huge airplane orders being placed by England and France and others; while these planes are being made and sold, a few people will be making colossal profits; when the war stops and when everybody has enough planes, then the factories will grow idle. For a while, the money invested by the rank and file will be used to try to create new markets, for lobbying and advertising among governments, for obtaining contracts with civil aeronautic companies, etc. Finally it will be seen that it is impossible to maintain production at the exorbitant rate called for by nations at war trying to catch up with their enemies' ratio of armaments; factories will have to close, interest will stop, capital will have been used up, and the whole credit structure will collapse. This is a one-industry example of what happened to almost all industries in the crazy expansion program of '28 and '29. People who learn from the events of history will have nothing to do with causing history to repeat itself in this instance.



It is often said that the advantage of huge corporations is that they can provide so many comforts for the public at low cost. An example of an industry that is trying frantically to recapture a dwindling market without improving the comfort it offers the public is that of the Pullman company. Notice its luxurious ads in the expensive advertising magazines; notice the sample Pullman berths set up in the waiting rooms of most large city stations. These things may succeed in attracting persons who have never traveled to the use of Pullmans, but they leave the experienced traveler cold. As a matter of fact, Pullman sleeping accommodations have made few substantial advances in comfort in the last 20 years. They still provide the stuffy six by three by three space, where you have to contort yourself to dress and undress. No wonder that, though busy people like to travel at night while sleeping, more and more are traveling on fast trains by day.

## L u c i d   I n t e r v a l s

French Sentry: Halt! Who goes there?  
Voice: American.

French Sentry: Advance and recite the  
Star Spangled Banner.

Voice: I don't know it.

French Sentry: Proceed, American.

\*

A sixpence was found inside a trout  
caught recently by a South of England  
angler. It was probably saving up to be  
a goldfish.

\*

The circus owner was hiring a new  
lion tamer. "Now all you have to do,"  
ordered the owner, "is step in that cage  
and let the lions know you're not afraid  
of them."

"I couldn't do that," objected the ap-  
plicant. "I couldn't be so deceitful."

\*

"I'm an iron man."

"Well, why come to my door and brag  
about yourself?"

"I'm not bragging about myself, lady.  
I want to sell you an electric iron!"

\*

It's a funny world. If a man gets  
money, he's a grafter. If he keeps it, he's  
a capitalist. If he spends it, he's a play-  
boy. If he doesn't get it, he's a ne'er-do-  
well. If he doesn't try to get it, he lacks  
ambition. If he gets it without working  
for it, he's a parasite. And if he accumu-  
lates it after a life-time of hard work,  
he's a sucker.

\*

Tonic Demonstrator: Look! I told you  
I could grow hair on a billiard ball with  
this tonic of mine!

Baldheaded Gent: Yessir, I believe  
you've got something on the ball!

\*

"Oh, Mummy," said wee Annie, "look  
at that funny man across the street."

"What is he doing?"

"He's sitting on the sidewalk talking  
to a banana skin."

\*

"Waiter."

"Yes, sir?"

"Have you ever been to the zoo?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you ought to go some time.  
You'd get a big kick out of watching the  
turtles zip past."

School Principal: "Now, Roger, what  
are you doing? Learning something?"

Roger: "No, sir; I'm listening to you."

\*

"Mose, can you explain wireless teleg-  
raphy to me?"

"Yessah, it's like dis: Ef you-all had a  
long, long houn' dawg an' he stretched  
frum Cincinnati to Cleveland, an' yo'  
stepped on his tail in Cincinnati, he  
would howl in Cleveland. Dat am teleg-  
raphy. Only in wiähless you-all does de  
same thing without de dawg."

\*

Wife: "It's strange, but when I play  
the piano I always feel melancholy."

Husband: "So do I, dearest."

\*

The storm was increasing in violence,  
and some of the deck fittings had already  
been swept overboard, when the captain  
decided to send up a signal of distress.  
But hardly had the rocket burst over the  
ship when a solemn-faced passenger  
stepped to the bridge.

"Captain," he said, "I'd be the last  
man on earth to cast a damper on any-  
one, but it seems to me that this is no  
time for letting off fireworks."

\*

Post Office Clerk: "Here, your letter is  
over-weight."

McFire: "Over what weight?"

Post Office Clerk: "It is too heavy;  
you will have to put another stamp on  
it."

McFire: "Yerra, ge out wid your fool-  
ing. Sure, if I put another stamp on it,  
won't it be heavier still?"

\*

"The Negro," said one gentleman  
traveling in the South to another, "is  
related to the American Indian. I will  
prove it." Whereupon, he leaned out the  
train window at the next station, and  
shouted to an old darky on the platform,  
"Wah He!" And, as reply, came back,  
"Wah Who?"

\*

"Now, Jimmy, we're going to take up  
words—I want you to use the word  
'miscellaneous' correctly in a sentence."

"Franklin D. Roosevelt is the head  
man in this country and miscellaneous  
the head man in Italy."

## FOR MEN AT LARGE

There are many men "at large" in the world today. Being "at large" means being unattached to any definite work or aim in life. It means not having found a satisfactory niche in which both to find peace and to be capable of accomplishment. Being "at large" means being subject to the hazards of unemployment, the dangers of temptation, and the twin curse of idleness and restlessness that has destroyed so many souls.

Such men have probably given too little thought to a state in which their lives could be elevated out of the ordinary, and made a source of achievement far beyond the petty accomplishments of even scientists and kings. It is the state of service to God and God's ministers in a religious order or congregation. It requires as conditions of entry only a strong faith in supernatural realities, moral strength grown out of a virtuous life to fulfill its obligations, and a spirit of sacrifice sufficiently strong to renounce freedom.

Men who escape the futility and restlessness of being "at large" and unattached in the world by taking up this work become lay-brothers. A more poetic name could be given them, because in the moment of their decision divine romance enters their lives. Men who are interested in knowing more about this divine romance will be informed if they write directly to **THE LIGUORIAN**.

# Motion Picture Guide

**THE PLEDGE:** *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime or criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

<i>Reviewed This Week</i>	<i>Range War</i>
Children of the Wild	<i>Real Glory, The</i>
Law of the Pampas	<i>Riders of the Black River</i>
<i>Previously Reviewed</i>	<i>Riders of the Frontier</i>
Adventures of Sherlock Holmes	<i>Ruler of the Seas</i>
The	<i>Sabotage</i>
Adventures of the Masked	<i>Saint in London</i>
Phantom	<i>Second Fiddle</i>
Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever	<i>Seventeen</i>
Angels Wash Their Faces	<i>Should Husbands Work?</i>
The	<i>Sky Patrol</i>
Arizona Kid	<i>Smuggled Cargo</i>
Babes in Arms	<i>Southward Ho!</i>
Bad Lands	<i>Spirit of Culver</i>
Beau Geste	<i>Stanley and Livingstone</i>
Blondie Takes a Vacation	<i>Star Maker, The</i>
Bulldog Drummond's Bride	<i>Stop, Look and Love</i>
Call a Messenger	<i>Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The</i>
Captain Fury	<i>Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, The</i>
Career	<i>Straight Shooter</i>
Charlie Chan at Treasure Island	<i>Stunt Pilot</i>
Chicken Wagon Family	<i>Susannah of the Mounties</i>
Chip of the Flying "U"	<i>Swing That Cheer</i>
Chump at Oxford, A	<i>Tarzan Finds a Son</i>
Colored Sunset	<i>Television Spy, The</i>
Confessions of a Nazi Spy	<i>They Asked For It</i>
Conspiracy	<i>They Shall Have Music</i>
Cowboy Quarterback, The	<i>Timber Stampede</i>
Death of a Champion	<i>Trapped in the Sky</i>
Death Rides the Range	<i>Torchy Plays With Dynamite</i>
Desperate Trails	<i>U-Boat Twenty-Nine</i>
Disputed Passage	<i>Under-Pup, The</i>
Everybody's Hobby	<i>Unexpected Father</i>
Everything's on Ice	<i>Wall Street Cowboy</i>
Feud of the Plains	<i>Western Caravans</i>
Fighting Gringo	<i>What a Life</i>
Fighting Renegade	<i>Wizard of Oz</i>
Five Little Peppers and How They Grew	<i>Wyoming Outlaw</i>
Flight at Midnight	<i>Young Mr. Lincoln</i>
Four Feathers	